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CONVALESCENT.

Emerald with moss, and purple with heather,
Gleams the broad moor to the red setting sun:
Love! let us sit 'midst the blossoms together;
Our work for the day, like the bees' task, is done.

Sweet, oh! how sweet, is the breath of the
clover,
Breze-borne from meadow-lands over the
moor;
Sweeter, yet sweeter, the blossoms that cover
The turf at our feet, and the hedge-rose o'er.

Sweet is the face, thy chestnut curls under,
My bonny brown wife, and sweet are those
eyes,
That, looking through mine with innocent
wonder,

Bids love's sweet memories wake and arise.

Waking, arising, they clothe thee with beauty,
Dropping love-jewels, white pearls, on thy
brow;

My leaf, little wife! thy nobly done duty
Has hallowed affection, and strengthened its
vow.

Thin have thy cheeks grown, my wild little
blossom,

And weary the eyes that have watched my
sick bed;

I cannot thank thee, true wife of my bosom—
God thank thee! God bless thee! oh darling,
instead.

But I can love thee, all truly, for ever,
In health, and in sickness, as thou lovest me;
And keep me fast by thee, till life's rapid river
Has passed through death's straits, to eter-

ernity's sea.

Till that time comes, be it shorter or longer,
Though dark looks may whiten, and comely
forms bow:

Thou know'st, and I know, our love will grow
stronger,
And heart clings to heart, even closer than
now.

Come, the broad moor, lately purple with
heather,

Done sombre grey for the night-parted sun:
Love! hand in hand, like two children together,
We will go home—our day labor is done.

LEX.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JOHN CARLYON BECAME A HERETIC.

With hesitation and evident reluctance, with
his face averted from the listener, and at first
hammering the decayed door upon the lawn with
the handle of his riding-whip, John Carlyon
began—

"My father, as no doubt you have heard, Miss
Crawford, on all hands, was indeed a constant
courageous, and he brought me up in the same
faith. There was no man more respected, al-
though I do not think he was loved, in all this
neighborhood. He not only never offended
against the proprieties, but he was a steadfast
upholder of them—what is called one of the
safeguards of society. That was the general
opinion of him to the day of his death; but it
was a mistaken one. He was a hypocrite from
first to last; his whole life was one huge lie."

"Mr. Carlyon!" exclaimed Agnes; "what
you make my blood run cold; not so much by what
you say, which seems almost too terrible to be
true, but as your manner of saying it."

"When, however, I first found out the truth,
young lady, I was more moved than I am now.
The student of anatomy faints at his introduc-
tion to the dissecting room; but, after a while,
he ceases to shudder at its revelations. He sees
what lies behind the velvet cheek of beauty,
and the keen eye of wit, but it affects him little.
He knows that with all humanity it is the same.
He has his advantage over me in that respect.
If I could think that behind the veil of religion,
the cloak of respectability, the infidel and the
debauchee were inwardly concealed, I should
loathe my own father less; but I know there are
honest folks in the world. I know that you,
Agnes, are as pure as you look, as good as you
seem. But this man, that was my own flesh
and blood, to whom I owe my being, to whom I
was bound by Nature herself to respect and
honor—oh, spare me! I cannot bear to speak
of it."

"Even a good man may err and give way to
strong temptation," whispered Agnes; "yet if
he repents—"

"This man did not repent," broke in Carlyon,
almost fiercely. "He had nothing to repent of;
for in his eyes nothing was sin, nothing was
vice, nothing was wrong—unless it was found
out. Then indeed he would have been sorry.
He was a tyrant, and he broke my mother's
heart. I will never forgive him that! She was
beautiful, gentle, guileless as yourself, and he
killed her. She grieved for him upon her death-
bed, and he despised her prayer; I do believe
that that was the bitterest drop she had to drain

in the whole cup of her wretched married life.
She made me promise not to tell him what I
knew, and not to tell the world. I had to live
on with this murderer for years, a participant
in his acted lie, and hoodwinked, as he thought,
like the rest. He deceived everybody,—yes,
everybody—parents, people, neighbors, servants.
Robin, at home, believed him to this day to have
been the best of men. A tyrant and a libertine,
he was yet reckoned the most pious man in
Mellor parish. This was the sort of father,
Agnes, from whom I learnt how to be religious."

"Mr. Carlyon," returned she, thoughtfully,
after a long pause, "are you sure—are you quite
sure, that in your great love for such a mother
as you describe, and in your own tenderness of
heart, you may not have taken sternness for
cruelty?"

He shook his head impatiently.
"Some men," she went on, "not naturally
cruel, I have known to be without tenderness of
manner, even to those dearest to them; rugged
and harsh even when their wives lay a-dying,
and yet not heartless."

"No, girl, this man was not rugged. He
knew how to frame tenderest words for ears
that should have blushed to listen to them. Of
some men, it is said, 'we never knew him worse
until we lost him'; now I never knew how base
a father I had got until he came to die."

"Ah! he confessed his sins, and the long
catalogue appalled you!" exclaimed Agnes,
clasping her hands. "You should thank God
for that. Perhaps, in that last hour, all was
forgiveness. No one can fathom the infinite
depths of Divine mercy. Let us hope, let us
pray, that he may have been preserved from
that awful state of which he stood in dread."

"Nay, Agnes, we Carlyons have no fear," ob-
served her companion, proudly.

"No fear!" echoed she, in scorn. "What I
had this man, living, as you say, a lie, for fear
of the opinion of his neighbors, no fear! Does
cowardice, then, among infidels, solely consist
in being afraid of the righteous judgments of
God? If so, 'obtuseness with respect to their
own anomalies and contradictions' is surely not
entirely peculiar to religious people."

Carlyon bit his lip.
"It would surely be the rankest cowardice to
be afraid of that in the existence of which one
does not believe," said he, evasively. "The
man I speak of died, laughing in his sleeve at
the man he had cajoled. He had been a wan-
derer in many lands, and examined a hundred
creeds, only to find one as worthless as another.
His god was Self, and he had served him very
faithfully. His last advice to me, his only son,
was given when the grave was gaping for him;
we were alone together, and he opened the sofa
that was to be his death-bed, and he knew it;
the very room has been hateful to me ever since.
He bid me lie like him; be serious and devout;
afflict the virtues that I had not, for the very
vice's sake which they concealed. Should I
live a life of ease and yet of dignity, and die
with honor, troops of friends, and all the regard
that accompanies the close of a life well spent.
He would, as it were, have bequeathed me his
very mantle of death, having no further occa-
sion for it himself, like some poor conjuror who
reaches his tricks to his children while he lies a-
dying, as the best legacy he has to leave them."

"Mr. Carlyon, this is too horrible to be be-
lieved," gasped Agnes. "Nature does not per-
mit of such a father. I have seen many death-
beds, and when death is claiming us we are often
not ourselves; the senses are disordered, the
mind wanders; men impute to themselves sins
which they have never committed."

"But not this man, Agnes. Do you suppose
that I would not believe so if I could; that I
have not exhausted every suggestion that could
lighten this load which has so weighed down
my life? No. He told me the truth at last.
He left behind him only too ample corrobora-
tion of it. No one is so prudent that he can
guard his memory after death. No man, who
keeps a cheque-book, can dare say 'I do not
keep a journal'; besides, there were letters that
came for him long after he was lying in his
grave—but why all this? You know his secret
now, which I have hitherto preserved inviolate.
Do you wonder that I loathe religion; that 'the
very name of Nazarene is wormwood to all that
is false and false-seeming. That from the in-
stant that I found myself freed by this man's
death from my promise to my mother, that I
forsook his hypocritical ways and all belonging
to them?"

"I do not wonder, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes,
sorrowfully; "I do not even say (as others
would) why doubt the genuineness of that thing
of which you have only witnessed a fraudulent
imitation. We are mortals, I know, by the
iron force of circumstances—though not all of
us. Your mother did not lose her faith in
Heaven because your father had none?"

"My mother? No," answered Carlyon, in
hushed and reverent tones.

"She was a Christian woman to the last?"

"She was an angel; to impute wrong to her
would be to confuse wrong with right."

"And has the thought of her—of her long
suffering patience, and forgiveness—never moved
you towards the faith your father professed, but
which she practised?"

"I have sometimes thought there should be
an immortality for such as she; that so much
goodness ought not anxiously to be allowed to

perish. I have thought so lately of one other
person also—of you, Agnes."

"Hush, sir, hush! I am very different from
this saint in heaven. If she had lived, I cannot
but think her love, her teaching, her example,
would have won you to her creed, as to herself.
You felt better—happier—when you were in
her presence, did you not?"

"Yes," replied Carlyon, eagerly; "as
I feel when I am in yours. Yes, Agnes,—do
not shrink from me; I will do my best—only I
will not lie—to learn better things of you. Will
you teach me, even although I do not promise
to learn?"

He looked up in her face for the first time,
while she, the heretofore questioner, drooped
her eyelids, and a fire burnt in her cheeks.

"Can you not take compassion upon me,
even though I am a heretic?" urged he with
tenderness; but she heard him not.

"If any man love not the Lord, let him be
anathema maranatha," were the words which she
seemed to hear.

"Go to some wise and holy man," said she,
in a faint voice.

"To Mr. Povey?" asked he; "or to whom?
No, I shall sit at the feet of this Gemelle, Agnes
Crawford, or of none. I love you with all my
heart; nay, I can well believe—so wondrous is
the change through all my being—with all my
soul, I seem to have another life beyond my-
self, and if that be my soul, it is you who are its
keeper, for to you it flies. Will you be my
teacher? Will you be my wife? one word, one
'yes,' will answer both questions." But there
came no answer. He could not even read one
in her face, for it was hidden in her hands. She
was speaking, though her speech was inarticu-
late, but not to him.

"I know you will never marry—an infidel,"
said he, slowly.

"Never, never," answered she, with eager-
ness. "It is quite a relief to her to get so cat-
egorical a question, and one to which she could
so unhesitatingly reply."

"Yet you will not reject my proposition;
you will not refuse to afford me an opportunity
of being convinced?"

"I cannot say," murmured she; "I must
have time, Mr. Carlyon, to think of this. Do
not press me for your answer—that is, just
now. In your presence, I cannot—I must be
alone," added she, hurriedly. "I must ask
guidance."

"I venture to think," interrupted Carlyon,
respectfully, "that your father will be no ob-
stacle."

Her face flushed from brow to chin.

"He was not referring to my father," said she,
coldly.

"I trust," returned he, earnestly, "I have
not been too bold—not said too much and too
soon. Pardon me, Agnes; do not let the great-
ness of my love be the cause of my undoing. If
my presence is an embarrassment to you, you
will write, perhaps?"

"Yes, I will write!" exclaimed she, eagerly;
"to-night, to-morrow. It will be better so."

He rose at once and took her hand in his.
"Haste, you may say to write, Agnes," said
he, slowly; "will be my law. If you do not
against me, to have nothing to do with this
wicked person, to avoid the touching of pitch,
lest even your pure soul may be defiled, I shall
understand it. It will be unnecessary to state
reasons. The one word 'no' will suffice; I will
rather that you wrote nothing more. I shall
never trouble you again. I shall have turned my
back on Paradise for ever. But if—if you think
within yourself that I may be won to what you
deem the right—mild, I do not say it is even
probable, for I will not use lies to gain Heaven
itself—and if you, that you might, in time, even
eternally love me, I shall understand that also,
by one word, 'yes.'"

What would he not have given to have
touched her white brow with his lips, as she
stood close beside him, downcast, thoughtful,
with her snow-cold hand in his! It was not be-
cause every widow, for all that he knew, might
have had its watcher, or because her cousin was
paying the spy as usual, upon yonder terrace,
that Carlyon did not do so. It was not for fear
of them, that, having raised those fingers mid-
way to his lips, he let them fall again, and turned
away in silence, while Red Berid followed, docile,
with a hasty farewell cry at the rusty gate.
To have kissed her would have been very sweet,
but it might have demanded his dread memories
for years.

Heavy of heart, the strong man took the road
from Greycraggs homewards; while his good horse
pressing his great nose against his hand, strove
vainly to give his master comfort.

Agnes remained standing in her place, deep
sunk in thought, till a book fell heavily upon
the terrace-walk, and a well-known step began
to descend the hill; then, at its first foot-fall,
she started from her reverie and hastening in,
sought her own chamber, where she remained
for hours.

Her mind was torn with antagonistic emotions.
She would never marry an unbeliever, that was
certain; to that she clung, and reverted to it
again and again; it was her sheet-anchor in the
storm. But had she not grown to love one?
Was she not patting with her own conscience
in this matter? and even with still more sacred
things? Did she honestly believe herself to be
a bearer of God's message to those unwilling
ears; or was not her strong desire to convert the

Skeptic, alloyed with a wish to win the Man?
Agnes Crawford was not a student of Povey, or
she might almost have applied to herself, the
self-accusation of Rieles—

Even then to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you;
Not Grace nor seal, Love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love I lose my all.

Hour after hour passed by; the luncheon
bell rang, but she took no heed; but, late in
the afternoon, a knock came to her chamber
door, and a voice in mocking tones, (or what,
perhaps, she fancifully imagined to be so,) re-
ached her through the key-hole, saying,

"Miss Agnes, you are wanted in the parlor;
Mrs. Newman's come, and wish to see you very
particular."

"Mr. Carlyon's sister!" murmured Agnes to
herself, while a sudden pain seemed to shoot
through her heart; "why should she come
here?" But she answered, in her usual firm,
clear tones, "Very well, Cabra; tell her I will be
down directly."

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. NEWMAN'S ACT OF CHARITY.

It is not to be supposed that Carlyon's visits
to Greycraggs passed without notice among the
good folks of Mellor. The appetite of that
small community for gossip was absolutely in-
satiable; it was quite a trade with more than
one respectable female to make it, and even to
invent the materials. So that when a subject for
it was found, that could be relied upon as fact,
good solid substratum, for all sorts of scandal,
the public satisfaction was unbounded. But not
in all cases the private. Mrs. Newman, of Mel-
lor Lodge—a place that had been once termed
the Priory, but it was not to be supposed that
so good a Protestant would call her residence by
that name—was by no means pleased with the
reports that reached her from all quarters con-
cerning her brother's proceedings. She had
long "washed her hands of him," in a spiritual
sense; she had excommunicated him in an al-
most episcopal manner, by throwing her hands
up and shutting her eyes, at solemn convales-
cent many a tea-table; but she had never shut
her eyes to his property, which was entirely at his
own disposal. She anticipated with confidence
the reversion of Woodlees for herself and Jed,
(short and loving for Jedediah,) her son, when
his present unworthy occupant should be else-
where; for Carlyon was her senior by five years.
It was astonishing with what calmness and for-
titude this excellent woman reflected upon the
future fate—the terrors which she honestly be-
lieved to be in store—for so near a relative.
Upon one occasion, while discoursing upon this
particular topic, which was a very favorite one
with her, she was rebuked by no less a person
than the archdeacon of the diocese. For archde-
acons, as such, she had no great reverence; but
this one happened to be own nephew to my Lord
Dismy, and she had that admiration for noble
birth which supplies the place of such a multi-
tude of other virtues in minds like hers. He
bade her not to make too sure of the eternity
of the torments of the wicked, and explained to
her the doubts entertained by the learned of the
literal meaning of the Greek word translated
forever. "Not," added he, with a benignant
smile, "that that much alters matters; for the
duration signified doubtless extends to millions
and millions of years."

"That is some comfort," quoth Mrs. Newman,
cheerfully, and with sigh of relief.

But, notwithstanding this opinion of Carlyon's
deserts, she had always counted upon his leav-
ing Woodlees and the rest of his property to his
own flesh and blood. Not to provide for one's
family is (as is well-known) to be worse than an
infidel, and Meg had never thought worse of
brother John than that. Yet, lo! at an age when
he might be supposed to have almost escaped
the perils of matrimony, here was he visiting
Greycraggs daily, with a motive that it was easy
to guess at. Jedediah, indeed, who was of a
frank and open nature, even for eighteen, alluded
to it one morning at breakfast in the following
terms:

"I say, mother! Uncle John is after that gal
at Greycraggs—Miss What-d'ye-call-um—Craw-
ford."

"Seeking to ally himself matrimonially with
that young woman, Jed? Impossible!"

"Glad you think so," answered Jedediah,
gruffly, and filling his mouth with muffin; he
was rather gluttonous in his habits, and also a
good deal spoilt. If his mother was stern to
others, she was not so with him; he had al-
ways done as he liked from his childhood,
and he had generally liked what was not good
for him. He was vicious beyond what she
had any suspicion of, and his good-nature was
of the sort that only lasts so long as its proprie-
tor is pleased. Mrs. Newman was getting, as all
such mothers do in time, a little afraid of her
darling son.

"You needn't be cross, Jedediah," said she,
quietly; "I was only asking for information.
The affairs of this world have, I am thankful to
say, no great interest in my eyes, and those who
know me do not much trouble me with them. I
have, however, heard a rumor of what you speak
of, although I have never suspected anything
serious in it. I am not of a suspicious nature,
Jed."

"Ah," said the young man, dryly—so dryly,
indeed, that the tone would have suited "Bah"
equally well. "I wish for my sake, then, if not
for your own, that you'd just look alive and put
a stop to it. It's a most disgraceful thing. Why,
if Uncle marries, there may be a whole lot of
children, and then what becomes of those altera-
tions that you are always talking about making
when we come into Woodlees?"

Between Mrs. Newman and her brother, al-
though their characters, and therefore the ex-
pression of their countenances were so different,
there was a considerable personal resemblance.
Although she did not dress becomingly, and in-
deed, wore clothes of a texture much inferior to
what is usual with women of her social position,
and wore them threadbare, she always looked a
lady; but when annoyed, her thin lips shut to-
gether unpleasantly close; her fine blue eyes
seemed to harden, and she mimicked like the war-
horse that counts the battle, only of course in a
lower key. There had been a passage of arms
between herself and Jedediah that morning in
reference to a scarcity of marmalade at the
breakfast-table, and he had carried his point and
got a new pot. This had given her real pain,
an extravagance always did. There were still a
few stale strips sticking to the little glass dish,
and she would have liked to have seen them
eaten before being driven to the preserve cup-
board for a fresh supply. Jed had even taunted
her, at the height of the discussion, with those
prudent habits which her enemies (for the
good lady had enemies) denominated parsimo-
niousness, and when she had replied, "Ungrate-
ful boy, it is only for you I save," he had replied,
"It is for me, then, that I require some fresh
marmalade."

He had taken butter, as well as that costly
sweetmeat, with his muffin, on purpose to vex
his parent, and had effected his object; and now
he was choosing a subject of conversation very
ill adapted to give her peace of mind. The re-
lationship said to be established between her
brother and Miss Crawford were by no means a
matter of such indifference to her as she pro-
fessed. In fact, she had thought of little else
from the first moment the rumor had reached
her ears; but she had endeavored to shut her
eyes to the full extent of the danger; it was
very objectionable to have it brought before her
in this inextinguishable manner, and she sniffed dis-
approval audibly.

"Yes, I know you don't like it," observed
Jedediah, in reference to this signal; "but it is
time to look matters in the face."

"What would you have me do, Jedediah?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; she is one
of your own sort, this girl, and you ought to
be able to stop it somehow. I only know
this, that Uncle John is said to be getting on
in that quarter uncommonly fast, and the sooner
you set about putting a spoke in his wheel the
better."

"I shall certainly consider it my duty," said
Mrs. Newman, slowly, "to hint to this young
lady at the injurious reports that are in circula-
tion respecting her; she cannot surely be aware
of the peculiar opinions entertained by your un-
happy uncle."

"She is probably aware that he is sweet upon
her, and has a good two thousand a year," ob-
served the practical Jedediah.

"No, Jed; I will not think so ill of any young
person of religious principles as to suppose she
is actuated by sordid motives."

"Bah!" exclaimed Jedediah, this time with a
most unmistakable B. It was rude, but not al-
together luxurious. From the day from which
dated one of the boy's earliest but strongest re-
collections, when his deceased parent had been
carried to his long home in a coffin made out of
an ancient piano-cas (some enemies of the
thrifty widow averred that it was too short for
him, and that he had been decapitated to suit
its dimensions), up to the present hour, when
that stale marmalade had been almost foliated
upon his reluctant palate, he had been familiar
with the sordid device of at least one saint,
and had learnt to suspect them all. Yet singu-
larly enough, while mistrusting the genuineness
of the profession of those among whom his lot
was cast, this young man had imbibed their
prejudices, and though greatly inclined to vice,
was as intolerant of error as Mrs. Newman her-
self. It was an unspeakable comfort to her to
reflect, that although boys would be boys, and
you could not put old heads upon young should-
ers (this in allusion to some of Jed's pecca-
dilloes which occasionally reached her ears), her
Jedediah was a young man of the most excel-
lent principles. For the rest, he was a very
handsome young fellow, except for a certain
coarseness about the mouth, which it did not
need a Lavater to translate, and there was no
wonder that his mother was proud of him.
Moreover, he was a sensible fellow, after a
fashion—what Mr. Carlyle and the vulgar are
both agreed to call "knowing"—and she did
not despise his blunt but practical utterances.

Nothing more passed between them on the
present occasion; their sparring—in which the
hitting was all on one side—often ended in that
manner; but the force of Jedediah's obser-
vations, backed as they were by Mrs. Newman's
own secret misgivings, was not lost. She had
made up her mind to follow his advice in re-
spect to that peril so immediately impending at
Greycraggs, but in the meantime she did not
neglect her usual precautions in the smaller
matters of domestic economy. When her Jed

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"Yes, I know you don't like it," observed
Jedediah, in reference to this signal; "but it is
time to look matters in the face."

"What would you have me do, Jedediah?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; she is one
of your own sort, this girl, and you ought to
be able to stop it somehow. I only know
this, that Uncle John is said to be getting on
in that quarter uncommonly fast, and the sooner
you set about putting a spoke in his wheel the
better."

"I shall certainly consider it my duty," said
Mrs. Newman, slowly, "to hint to this young
lady at the injurious reports that are in circula-
tion respecting her; she cannot surely be aware
of the peculiar opinions entertained by your un-
happy uncle."

"She is probably aware that he is sweet upon
her, and has a good two thousand a year," ob-
served the practical Jedediah.

"No, Jed; I will not think so ill of any young
person of religious principles as to suppose she
is actuated by sordid motives."

"Bah!" exclaimed Jedediah, this time with a
most unmistakable B. It was rude, but not al-
together luxurious. From the day from which
dated one of the boy's earliest but strongest re-
collections, when his deceased parent had been
carried to his long home in a coffin made out of
an ancient piano-cas (some enemies of the
thrifty widow averred that it was too short for
him, and that he had been decapitated to suit
its dimensions), up to the present hour, when
that stale marmalade had been almost foliated
upon his reluctant palate, he had been familiar
with the sordid device of at least one saint,
and had learnt to suspect them all. Yet singu-
larly enough, while mistrusting the genuineness
of the profession of those among whom his lot
was cast, this young man had imbibed their
prejudices, and though greatly inclined to vice,
was as intolerant of error as Mrs. Newman her-
self. It was an unspeakable comfort to her to
reflect, that although boys would be boys, and
you could not put old heads upon young should-
ers (this in allusion to some of Jed's pecca-
dilloes which occasionally reached her ears), her
Jedediah was a young man of the most excel-
lent principles. For the rest, he was a very
handsome young fellow, except for a certain
coarseness about the mouth, which it did not
need a Lavater to translate, and there was no
wonder that his mother was proud of him.
Moreover, he was a sensible fellow, after a
fashion—what Mr. Carlyle and the vulgar are
both agreed to call "knowing"—and she did
not despise his blunt but practical utterances.

Nothing more passed between them on the
present occasion; their sparring—in which the
hitting was all on one side—often ended in that
manner; but the force of Jedediah's obser-
vations, backed as they were by Mrs. Newman's
own secret misgivings, was not lost. She had
made up her mind to follow his advice in re-
spect to that peril so immediately impending at
Greycraggs, but in the meantime she did not
neglect her usual precautions in the smaller
matters of domestic economy. When her Jed

had lounged out of the room to have his pipe in the stable—for the time had not yet come when he should rule the house and take his morning stroll—she looked up the tea and sugar, and having scraped up the old marmalade and mixed it with the new, made a fair mark with her pencil outside the pot exactly at its highest level. Then she descended to the kitchen, discovered that there were sufficient bones and debris left from past meals to make excellent soup, without getting in fresh stock, as recommended by that extravagant busy, the cook; sniffed violently at the odor of a fowl, which did not appear to have as many legs as it ought to have had. "Mr. Jedediah had had both broiled for his yesterday's breakfast," said the busy. "I only saw one."

She shook her head when the kitchen-maid descended another box of lucifer matches. "How can you require so many lucifer matches in the summer?" inquired she, as though, during that season, the kitchen fire might be lighted by a burning glass. "What is the use of my having that admirable proverb hung over the dresser?" and she pointed to the spot upon the whitened wall where "Waste not, want not" was inscribed upon a scroll, not in the illegible high church fashion, but in such a manner that one who reads might read.

Next she dived into the pantry and delivered to the astonished foot-page—the last of a long, but short-lived line of foot-pages—a lecture upon the use and abuse of plate powder, with a few remarks upon the peculiar penalties that await breakage in all well-conducted establishments. After which, ascending noiselessly to the upper regions, she came upon two householders making a bed and giggling, to whom she promptly issued a couple of tracts, entitled "The Crocking of Thorns; or, How Anna Thoma and Marion Arbur were made to laugh on the other side of their mouths," with one (precious) illustration.

After thus performing the duties of a diligent mistress, she sat down at her desk, with a mild relief of all lesser cares, and free to be concentrated upon the important subject forced upon her notice by Jedediah. Even then her habitual prudence and attention to minute affairs did not desert her; instead of spilling baldder sheets of Bath post, as some persons do, who have a letter of difficult composition before them, she selected some waste and straws of paper, backs of envelopes, and blank spaces at the foot of bills, and thus proceeded to conceal a letter on almost as many surfaces as the Devil himself has oracles. "Dear madam," it began; then "Madam," then "My Christian friend," and so on—until she had torn up into small pieces as soon as written, and sniffed so that she blew them all about the room—"My dear Miss Crawford."

She was still hanging over "My Christian Friend"—on the blue lines of a butcher's bill—like a poet in search of an impossible rhyme, when a shrill voice suddenly interrupted her with "Please, mum, the garden's wife is a-waitin' for her bonnet."

"You wicked boy," cried she, starting to her feet, "how dare you enter the room without knocking?" and, with that, as if to apply the ancient motto of association of ideas, she smartly slapped his cheeks. "Tell her to come up; that is, in a minute or two."

The page retired drooping dazed eyes. Mrs. Newman instantly sought her own apartment, and opening the door of its hanging wardrobe, took from it a faded old summer bonnet, looking like an autumn leaf.

"I've promised it to the woman," mused she, regretfully; "and I suppose I must give it her. And yet it looks almost as good as new. I am sure I might have had another season's wear out of it."

She gazed at the yellow bonnet-strings which had once been white, with lingering fondness. "Well, I'll cut off the trimming, at all events; that is quite unsuited to a person in her station of life."

Sitting the action to the word, she regarded the mutilated article of apparel with some approach to resignation.

"There," said she; "the wires are all in shape. She could not have got such a bonnet, as that, if it was new, under fifteen shillings. Fifteen shillings," she repeated, very slowly, as though she were reluctantly counting down the money, coin by coin. "That is a very large sum to give away. I think I'll tell her to call again some other time—but then I've done that twice already. How weak it was of me to promise it to her. How foolishly impulsive I am."

The mirror of the hanging wardrobe before which she stood did not reflect the features which are generally considered indicative of an impulsive character. The pinched-up mouth, the greedy eyes, the fingers clutching tightly at the threatened treasure, would have furnished a study for any painter who wished to symbolize gentle greed. But presently the thin lips straightened themselves into a really pleasant smile, the eyes softened and even twinkled, and the white hand carried its burden of frail rubbish with a grace. She had thought of a plan to keep her word, and yet not lose her bonnet, or at least her bonnet's worth.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," exclaimed she, with cheerfulness, as she entered the drawing-room, "you see I have brought your bonnet."

It was very necessary to say this. For Mrs. Jones, a delicate nipped-up-looking woman, who had had half-a-dozen more children than was good for her, regarded the object dangling from her mistress's fingers with considerable embarrassment. Could that wretched, half-stripped thing be the long promised gift which she had already applied for to its unwinding donor twice in vain? It was no more a bonnet than a skeleton is a man!

But all of us are not in a condition of life to express our genuine sentiments; it is not so easy to be honest and straightforward as gentlemen of "culture" and independent means, who while philosophic leaders in reviews and newspapers, are apt to imagine. People who live by hard work, and have little ones to support, can not afford to lose their places; but must be humble and obedient to their masters (and mistresses) in a sense beyond that which I hope the Church Catechism contemplates. Thus, Mrs. Jones, the garden's wife, bethinking herself of these near and dear to her, resisted the temptation of saying, "Where is the bonnet?" and dropped a courtesy before its *semblance*. Perhaps the expression of her mistress's face, beaming with conscious tenderness, persuaded her for the moment that the thing was really of some value, and induced her to murmur, "Thank ye, mum."

"I thought you would be pleased, Mrs. Jones," returned the lady, still maintaining her hold upon the article in question. "It will

make a very nice bonnet after a little looking to."

Whatever this mysterious process of observation might have implied, the very mention of it seemed to enhance the value of that with which Mrs. Newman was about to part. "Now mind," she continued, "I don't wish to make a bargain with you, Mrs. Jones, for this is a free gift. A promise is a promise, and you shall have it whether or no."

Here the thing changed hands, and its late proprietress uttered such a sigh as only escapes from one who has resisted a great temptation. "It's your wedding day, is it not, Mrs. Jones?" "Yes, mum, it be; it is twenty years come this very day that me and my husband have lived together, and a many crosses we have had, and it been a hard job all along to make both ends meet but we do make 'em, thank God!"

"Very good, and very right; it's a pleasure to hear you say so, Mrs. Jones; and now, I dare say, you have a nice little dinner to-day—a leg of pork, or a bit of beef, perhaps—about one o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, mum, we are got a leg of mutton, although it is not every day as we see even bacon, far less butcher's meat."

"Just so," interrupted Mrs. Newman, with one of her sweet smiles; "and you will have no stint of potatoes, for your husband has permission to take as many as he pleases for his own use out of the garden."

"Yes, mum; that was considered in his wages."

But Mrs. Newman went smiling on as though no such remark had been interpolated. "Now, what I was going to say, Mrs. Jones, was, that if you find the leg of mutton more than you require, one o'clock being my luncheon hour, if you choose to send a nice hot slice, with a few potatoes, between two plates—mind, I say if you have lots to spare, and I don't want to put it as any return for the bonnet, (which, indeed, is ridiculous, for that was a very costly article)—I shall be very much obliged to you—there."

And Mrs. Newman smiled and nodded, and pointed towards the door, as though to preclude all expressions of gratitude upon the part of the garden's wife, and really looked so lady-like and pleasant, that poor Mrs. Jones retired like one in a dream, doubtful whether she could have heard aright. But before she reached the bottom of the stairs, her doubts were resolved, for a sweet voice called softly to her over the banisters—

"Let the potatoes be fried, Mrs. Jones, if it is all the same to you; and don't trouble yourself about the pepper and salt, for I don't wish to put you to expenses." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stereotype Plates.

Appropos of stereotype plates, it was thought, and great boast was made of it, when stereotype first came up, that by this process of transferring, in a manner, the movable types into one solid plate, errors of the press would be done away with, and lasting correctness insured. Publishers who stereotyped invariably proclaimed that fact on their title pages, and the words "stereotyped edition" were regarded as a guarantee for accuracy. Never was there a greater delusion, though many years elapsed before the delusion was exposed. It was found that stereotyping perpetuated blunders, and that the difficulty of correcting the plates was far greater than that of altering the movable types. It was found, also, that the plates were so liable to accident and slight fractures in working that the maintenance of perfect accuracy, in even a single sheet, was the exception, and not the rule.

At first all important works were stereotyped, notably Bibles, lexicons, commentaries, and the Greek and Roman and English classics, while works of a lighter kind were printed from the type. The experience of years has led to a complete reversal of the rule. If publishers stereotype now, they never state that fact on their title page. The Bible printers find it more politic to keep the whole Bible standing in type, serious as is the expense, than to stereotype it; and all works of an important class are now printed from the type. At the same time stereotyping abounds more than ever, and is one of the chief means by which our low-priced literature is so widely diffused. All the penny periodicals are stereotyped, so are nearly all our daily, and several of our weekly newspapers, and an essential has the process become to the rapid and wide diffusion of the popular literature, that without it fully one-half of the circulation of our most popular journals and serials would have to be given up.

There was a time when correctness in printing was held in far higher estimation than it is at the present day. The Revue, it is said, of all their proof sheets to the doors of the colleges and universities, and offered a golden premium for the discovery of an error, however trifling. The Dutch, the French, the Italians employed as printers' readers professors and philologists of the highest standing, and some of their printers would cancel a sheet for the sake of the slightest flaw, or even suppress an entire volume rather than give currency to inaccurate work. We have altered all that; we have improved our technical process to a degree of perfection inaccessible by the old printers, but we have thrust the scholar out of the printing office, and have cast the responsibility of correctness, in so far as scholarship is concerned, upon the author, who, with all his learning, is apt to be exceedingly remiss where, in justice to himself, he should exercise the greatest care.—*London Leisure Hour.*

When cock-fighting was in fashion, a gentleman having a match in the country gave two cocks in charge to his Irish servant to carry down. Pat put them together in a bag, on opening which on their arrival he was not a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly wounded. Being scolded by his master for putting them into the same bag, he said he did not think there was any danger of their hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side.

Between Memphis and Nashville is the following inscription on a sign-board at a railroad crossing: "Look out for the engine when the wide blows or rines."

Speaking of the young lady who was robed of a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry at Lewiston, a sober old gent of our acquaintance remarked that he supposed that she could live without it but she must suffer terribly!

A quackish vehicle called the "Fido-dog" is now the fashion in Paris, having been introduced there by a Boston lady. There is just room in it for the occupant and her skirts.

A malicious correspondent told of a young lady at one of the watering places who has been blighted for five seasons.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP. 14, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be cashed. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelt, called

CARLYTON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Mawdward."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Mawdward," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyton's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelt of "Lord Vis Water," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

Wives of Poets.

The married life of Sir Walter Scott was a happy one. When on a tour to the English lakes in July, 1797, he first met the young lady who was destined to be his future wife. Her name was Charlotte Margaret Charpentier. She was the daughter of a French emigrant Royalist, and was at the time living in the family of Lord Downshire. Without the features of a regular beauty, Margaret Charpentier was rich in personal attractions—a complexion of clear olive, large brown eyes, deep-set and dazzling, a profusion of tresses black as the raven's wing, and with that arch and gay address which is characteristic of the Frenchwoman. Scott fell in love with her at once, and resided not until he had married her, which was about six months after their first meeting. Mrs. Scott was a woman of good sense, though confessedly fond of "anything stylish." The happy young pair retired to a sweet little cottage at the pretty village of Lasswade, about six miles from Edinburgh, where they spent several happy summers. From thence they removed to Abbotsford, thence to Abbotsford, where at last the family, says Sir Walter, realized "the nursery tale of the man and his wife who lived in a vineyard bottle, for our only sitting room is just twelve feet square, and my bed-chamber is too big for our Paradise."

Scott shared his property, and when adverse fortune came on him, she also shared his sorrow. Then it was, indeed, that her noble and true love revealed itself. She bore up under the crushing calamity of that house—all ruined—was cheerful, frugal, helpful, and, like her husband, undying in her industry. Without a murmur, she gave up all the luxuries she had valued and come to regard as almost indispensable. But she did not live long after this event, a fatal disease having seized her and carried her off. She died in May, 1826.

Southey, Coleridge, and Lovell, three poets, married three sisters, the Misses Bricker, of Bristol. They were all alike poor when they married. Southey's aunt shot her door in his face when she found he was resolved on marrying in such circumstances; and he, postponing every upon the married life, though he had contracted the responsibility of husband, parted from his wife at the church door, and set out on a six months' visit to Portugal, preparatory to entering on the study of the legal profession. Southey committed his wife to the care of Mr. Catle's sisters during his absence. "Should I perish by shipwreck," he wrote from Falmouth to Mr. Catle, "or by any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudice will yield to the anguish of affection, and who will love, cherish, and give all possible consolation to my widow."

With these words, Southey set sail for Portugal, and his wife, who had persuaded him to go, and cried when he was going, though she would not then have permitted him to stay, meekly retired to her place of refuge. Southey returned to England, and commenced the study of law, but after a year's drudgery gave it up. His wife joined him in a second visit to Portugal, and on his return he commenced the laborious literary career which he pursued till his death. He enjoyed, on the whole, a happy married life; took pleasure in his home and his family, loving his children and his wife Edith dearly. But a sad calamity fell upon him in his old age. His dear Edith was suddenly bereft of reason. "Early years," he writes to Governor Bedford from York, "have been the life of my life—and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum." In the same letter he expresses the resignation of a Christian and the confident courage of a man. "God, who has visited me with this affliction," he says, "has given me strength to bear it, and will I know, support me to the end, whatever that may be. Tomorrow I return to my poor children. I have much to be thankful for under this visitation. For the first time in my life," (he was sixty years old.) "I am so far from the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this expenditure, considerable in itself, without any difficulty."

Mrs. Southey, after two years' absence, returned to Keswick, the family home, and closed her pious existence there. Southey was now a broken-down man. "There is no one," he mournfully writes, "to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must henceforth be purely painful except when I connect them with the prospect of eternity."

Two years after, however, Southey married again. The marriage was one of respect on the part of Caroline Bowles, the gifted authoress, who was his choice, and probably of convenience and friendship on the part of Southey. We have heard that the union greatly tended to his comfort, and that his wife tenderly soothed and cheered his declining years.

Southey, in addition to maintaining his own wife and family at Keswick by his literary labors, had the families of his two eldest sons occasionally thrown upon his hands.

He was not two-and-twenty when Mr. Lovell, who married his wife's sister, fell ill of fever, died, and left his widow and child without the slightest provision. Robert Southey took mother and child as once to his humble hearth, and there the former found happiness until his death. Coleridge, not so gently instructed by a genius to which his contemporaries did homage, in a wayward and unpropitious mood withdrew himself from the consolation of home; and in their hour of desertion his wife and children were saved half the knowledge of their hardships by finding a second husband and another father in the sanctuary provided for them by Robert Southey.

Coleridge was unpunctual, unbusinesslike, improvident and dreamy, to the full extent to which poets are said proverbially to be. When he married—his lectures at Bristol having proved a failure—he retired with Sara, his wife, to a cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol. Though the cottage was a poor one, consisting of little more than four bare walls, for which he paid only 25 annual rental, he and his wife made it pretty snug with the aid of the funds supplied by their constant friend, Mr. Catle, the Bristol bookseller. Coleridge decorated this little cottage with all the graces that his imagination and fancy could throw around it.

But writing poetry would not make the poet's pot boil at all briskly, and so he had to go a little nearer to the world, and went back to Bristol. Coleridge, however, wanted application, and could scarcely be induced to work, even though the prospect of liberal remuneration was offered to him. Hence, a few years after marriage, in July, 1796, we find him thus groaning in the spirit to a friend: "So I am forced to write for bread with the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife—groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quickness of embarrassment, and which every way I turn a thorn runs into me! The future is a cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me, &c. This was not the kind of spirit to make a wife happy—very different, indeed, from the manly, courageous and self-helping Southey—and the poor wife suffered much. Whatever Coleridge touched failed; his fourpenny paper, the *Watchman*, was an abortion; and the verses he wrote for a London paper did little for him. He next preached for a short time among the Unitarians, deriving a very precarious living from that source; when at length the Messrs. Wedgwood, struck by his talents, granted him an annuity of £150 to enable him to devote himself to study. Then he went to Germany, leaving his wife and little family to the hospitality of Southey; and returned and settled down to the precarious life of a writer for the newspapers; his eloquent conversation producing unbounded admiration, but very little "grit." He was often distressed for money, wasting what he had by indulgence in opium, to which he was at one time a fearful victim. We fear that the life of Mrs. Coleridge was not a happy one, good and affectionate though she was as a wife and mother.

The Amnesty Proclamation.

It is understood that upon the consideration of the proposed amnesty proclamation this afternoon (the 6th) the members of the Cabinet were unanimous, both as to the propriety of its issue, and as to its precise terms and scope. It is to include all persons implicated in any manner in the late rebellion, except certain classes of leading men and those against whom proceedings are pending in the regular courts of the United States. Of course, the proclamation will not extend to persons guilty of offenses other than those legitimately pertaining to the belligerent attitude of the southern states during the war. All the members of the Cabinet were present, except Mr. Striberry and General Grant, who was ill, but it is believed he would have been in union with his colleagues had he been present. The proclamation will probably be issued on Monday.

It is also understood that it is the opinion of every member of the Cabinet present to-day that, under the Constitution, the legal effect of the proclamation will be to relieve those persons included within its terms from all disabilities and penalties incurred by reason of complicity in rebellion, and of course, so far as the action of the General Government is concerned, from disability as to the exercise of the right of suffrage.—*Correspondence of Phila. Ledger.*

The Turkish Sultan, on his recent visit to England, astonished the English people with his liberal views on Christianity. The English Prime Minister, in a speech lately made at Malmesbury, said: "You all know the Sultan has been here lately, the enemy, or supposed enemy, of Christianity. I was informed by the Prince of Wales, a few days ago, that in answer to an entreaty to him to protect his Christian subjects, the Sultan's answer was—and a most remarkable one—I will protect my Christian subjects, but I will protect Christianity. I think that a most remarkable answer."

The Cuba Cable, it is announced, is now nearly completed, notwithstanding the disastrous and almost constantly recurring obstacles of storm and disease. No despatches are received from Havana as yet, owing to the interference of Captain-General Manzanao, who, probably on account of the unsettled state of political matters in Cuba, has prohibited the transmission of news and despatches for the present.

The Democrats have carried the State Legislature of California, and the municipal tickets, by increasing majorities. Haigh's (Dem.) majority for Governor will reach 8,000. The Union state ticket is defeated, including probably three Congressmen.

Father Taylor, when asked, "Why haven't you been made a doctor of divinity?" usually answers, "I suppose it is because my divinity has never been sick."

They mean to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "The Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students, three stories high."

It was said Ralph Waldo Emerson please your people? asked a lecturer last winter of the President of a Young Men's Association in a village not far west of the Mississippi. "Moderately fair, sir," responded the functionary; "he did not draw so good a house as some other lecturers, and we didn't expect he would; but we think that sort of people ought to be encouraged."

The Patent Tooth-Powder Man.

A few nights ago, an itinerant vender of a harmless compound of lily white and the essence of lavender, mounted a dry goods box on the corner of Pearl and State streets, and spreading out before him an open valise stuffed with small bottles, done up in fancy papers, began to sell to a large and appreciative audience that miraculous white-wash known to the pharmacopoeia of the American quack as S-vindle & Hambo's celebrated Scandinavian Toothpowder, warranted to polish every description of ivory, down to the molar teeth of a superannuated omnibus horse, at the democratic sum of twenty-five cents per bottle.

The vender of this truly wonderful gum soap was in high voice and spirits, sung several melodious ballads, played on the banjo, and the dilapidated fractional currency poured in upon him like a spring freshet.

He remarked a great many funny things, astonishing

The gaping rustics ranged around, With words of learned strength and thundering sound.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew.

"Feller citizens," observed he, "I don't look much like a rich man, but I am making more money than fifteen-twentieths of you put together. I was raised to this profession, and I understand it as well, if possible, as I do the ten commandments, and I'll bet any man in the crowd ten dollars that I can sell more of this benign and miraculous tooth-wash in ten minutes than he can in six weeks."

"Pull up, right there! I'll take that bet," said a voice in the crowd.

The sole proprietor of that melodious voice was Bob Wiggins, from Posey county, who is up here to attend the "hoss fair." Bob made his way through the assembled yeomanry and mounted the box by the side of the man of the toothpowder, who looked as though he didn't exactly like the turn things had taken. But the crowd laughed, as crowds always will under such circumstances, and he lacked the courage to back out. The "preliminaries" were arranged, and it was agreed that the professor of the tooth-wash should exhaust his ten minutes, and then let Wiggins follow in his own way, without the slightest interruption from the former.

Wiggins descended from the box, and the other three off his coat, turned his tongue loose and shot off his mouth like a revolutionary blunderbuss, scattering far and wide. He kept everybody in the best sort of humor, and at the expiration of his ten minutes had sold five bottles of his incorporeal white-wash, and considered the bet one. Wiggins then mounted the box—his first appearance on any stage as a retail dealer in patent medicines—and proceeded to business without a smile—as solemn, in fact, as if he had come to preach the funeral of his grandfather.

"In the language of the Hon. Obadiah Perkins," said he, "fellow citizens of the United States of Indiana and Floyd County, I have a preparation here, which, unlike poppers and mandragoras, and other malicious and mischievous soft soaps of the world, will restore the lost teeth of your great-grandmothers, and bring them back to their original and pristine beauty and usefulness. It is warranted by no less responsible an individual than the influential and highly respectable and responsible gentleman whom I have the honor temporarily to succeed in this lucrative business. It will cure and clean everything from a decayed tooth to a wooden leg. I know it will accomplish everything, for I've tried it myself, and have used it in my family for twenty-five years. And now, gentlemen, I want to sell you some of this delicious preparation, and here it is, a limited supply on hand, and the demand constantly increasing. I am the duly accredited agent of the American Benevolent Association for the amelioration of the condition of the unwashed portion of suffering humanity, and I am instructed to sell you this powder at the unprecedented low price of five cents per bottle, three bottles for ten cents, or twenty-five cents per dozen—"

"Hold on there, mister," exclaimed the powder man, rushing frantically through the crowd, "I'll be everlastingly durned if I'll stand that hold on!"

"Just you keep your shirt on," said Wiggins; "these intelligent audience will testify that I was to sell this stuff in my own way, and without the slightest interruption from you. I didn't interrupt you—don't interrupt me."

"These intelligent audience" did testify to that effect, and the victimized individual was forced to stand back and witness, in furious but impotent wrath, the rapid sale of his "Scandinavian Tooth-Powder," at the unprecedented low price hereinbefore mentioned.

Wiggins had three minutes left to spare, when he announced with many expressions of regret that his stock of tooth powder had entirely "gint out." Coming down from the stand, he thrust the ten dollars he had won into his vest pocket, and retired amid the most deafening applause.—*New Albany Commercial.*

Chignons.

When did the word "chignon" come into French and into English? The article itself was used in much earlier days than our own, but had then a different name. "Mundus Melior" in 1690 describes the affair exactly:

Behind the noddle every baggage Wears bundle chour, in English cabbage.

It would be monstrous to say that all the young ladies who stick knobs behind their noddies are baggages, but we submit that *chour* is the very word for the said knob. Only if the reinforcer of head-cabbages had called them *chour*, what girl would have worn them? None. Therefore let those who want to send obnoxious articles regularly call these bundles cabbage, and they'll succeed. Mr. Fairholt's definition of the *chour* is "the great round boss, or bundle of hair, worn at the back of the head, and resembling a cabbage, from whence the French gave it that name." Corgrave in 1611 translates "chignon" "the chyne, or chyne-piece of the necke; also, a knot or knurre in a piece of wood or tumber."—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

A gentleman going to the water-side to take a boat, cried out—"Who can swim?" "I, master," came from forty bawling mouths; but one fellow, turning about, said—"Sir, I cannot swim." "Then you are my man," said the gentleman, "for you will at least take care of me for your own sake."

Theodore Parker aptly compared some who grew suddenly rich to cabbages growing in a bed. They smother the violets, but are after all nothing but cabbage heads.

The Circus Queen.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS.

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS.

TERMS.

TERMS.

CLUBS.

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copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving.

f Any member of a club wishing the engraving
 (retail one dollar extra).

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

THE PAPER OR MAGAZINE will be sent to different offices when desired.

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

here phantoms of those thoughts of love

Dear, promise me that, when I'm dead,

shall not need remembrances

Dark waters, in your blackest gulf--

Some flame and torture for my sins,
Or Mercy on the golden portal.

† A woman living in the lower part.

in the following unique manner: She took a pounder cannon ball, which her husband had

the manner of using it, at length his un-

under on the plate, and put the cannon ball

...a burning taper fired the powder. The
...of the explosion may be imagined.

ever moved from its position.

The Circus Queen.

he had started on this
Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum

1964-1965

...did not answer for

1997



SHE LOVED THEE BEST OF ALL.

Sweet voices into music broke
Among the proud and high;
For every tone a welcome spoke,
When thou wert drawing nigh;
And smiles like mirrored sunbeams shone,
Through parlor and through hall,
On every lip save hers alone,
Who loved thee best of all.

Her homage was a silence sweet,
Where thought held pure control;
Affection in itself complete,
As e'er drew soul to soul.
Love hath no language that can reach
The power it holds in thrall;
The heart gave token more than speech,
She loved thee best of all!

Yet, with no hope thy life to bless,
Or waken Love's refrain,
Her heart, that ached with tenderness,
Grew mute with its sweet pain;
If glance with glance responsive met,
Her lids drooped low, and yet—and yet,
She loved thee best of all!

God smooths the path thy feet shall tread,
God fill thy heart with song,
Thy life with love, when she is dead,
Thou one beloved long;
Yet should some tone at eventide
Her memory recall,
Say only—"It is well she died
Who loved me best of all."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF."

I.

Fairy tales, gifts, music, and dances are said to be over; or, as it has been said, they come to us so disguised and made familiar by habit that they do not seem to us strange. H. and I, on either side of the hearth, three long past winter evenings could sit without fear of being dwarfed skipping out of the ashes, of black pudding coming down the chimney to molest us. The clock ticked, the hearth-brush remained motionless on its hook. Pasty, dosing on the hearth, with her claws quietly opening to the warmth of the blaze, purred on and never once started us out of our usual placidity by addressing us in human tones. The children sleeping peacefully upstairs were not suddenly whisked away and changelings deposited in their cradle. If H. or I opened our mouths pearls and diamonds did not drop out of them; but neither did frogs and tadpoles fall from between our lips. The looking-glass, tranquilly reflecting the comfortable little sitting-room, and the stiff ends of H.'s expensively-spiced visions of wreathing clouds parting to reveal distant scenes of horror and treachery. Poor H. I am not sure but that she would have gladly looked in a mirror in which she could have sometimes seen the images of those she loved; but our chimney-glass, with its gilt moulding and bright polished surface, reflects only such homely scenes as two old women at work by the fire, some little Indian children at play upon the rug, the door opening and Susan bringing in the tea-things. As for wishing-cloths and little boiling pots, and such like, we have discovered that instead of rubbing lamps, or spreading magic tablecloths upon the floor, we have but to ring an invisible bell (which is even less trouble) and a smiling genius in a white cap and apron brings in anything we happen to fancy. When the clock strikes twelve, H. puts up her work and lights her candle; she has not yet been transformed into a beautiful princess all twinkling with jewels, neither does a scullion ever stand before me in rags; she does not murmur farewell forever and melt through the key-hole, but "Good-night," as she closes the door. One night at twelve o'clock, just after she had left me, there was indeed a loud orthodox ring at the bell, which startled us both a little. H. came running down again without her cap; Susan appeared in great alarm from the kitchen. "It is the back door bell, ma'am," said the girl, who had been sitting up over her new Sunday gown, but who was too frightened to see who was ringing.

I may as well explain that our little house is in a street, but that our back windows have the advantage of overlooking the grounds of the villa belonging to our good neighbor and friend Mr. Griffiths, in Castle Gardens, and that a door opens out of our little back garden into his big one, of which we are allowed to keep the key. This door had been a postern gate once upon a time, for a bit of the old wall of the park is still standing, against which our succeeding bricks have been piled. It was a fortunate chance for us when our old ivy-tree died and we found the quaint little doorway behind it. Old Mr. Griffiths was alive then, and when I told him of my discovery he good-naturedly cleared the way on his side, and so the oak turned once more upon its rusty hinges to let the children pass through, and the nurse-maid, instead of pages and secret emissaries and men-at-arms; and about three times a year young Mr. Griffiths stoops under the arch on his way to call upon us. I say young Mr. Griffiths, but I suppose he is over thirty now, for it is more than ten years since his father died.

When I opened the door, in a burst of wind and wet, I found that it was Guy Griffiths who stood outside bareheaded in the rain, ringing the bell that winter night. "Are you up?" he said. "For heaven's sake come to my mother; she's fainted; her maid is away; the doctor doesn't come. I thought you might know what to do." And then he led the way through the dark garden, hurrying along before me.

Poor lady! when I saw her I knew that it was no fainting-fit, but a paralytic stroke, from which she might perhaps recover in time; I could not tell. For the present there was little to be done. The maids were young and frightened; poor Guy wanted some word of sympathy and encouragement. So far I was able to be of use. We got her to bed and took off her fiery—she had been out at a dinner-party, and had been stricken on her return home—Guy had discovered her speechless in the library. The poor fellow, frightened and overcome, waited about, trying to be of help, but he was so nervous that he trembled over us all, and knocked over the chairs and bottles in his anxiety, and was of worse than no use. His kind old shaggy face looked pale, and his brown eyes ringed with

anxiousness. I was touched by the young fellow's concern, for Mrs. Griffiths had not been a tender mother to him. Now she had snapped and laughed at him, and frightened him with her quick, sarcastic tongue and hard, unmotherlike ways! I wondered if she thought of this as she lay there cold, rigid, watching us with glassy, expressionless eyes.

The payments and debts and returns of affection are at all times hard to reckon. Some people pay a whole treasury of love in return for a stone; others deal out their affection at interest; others again take everything, to the uttermost farthing, and cast into the ditch and go their way and leave their benefactor penniless and a beggar. Guy himself, hard-headed as he was, and keen over his ledgers in Moorgate street, could not have calculated such sums as these. All that she had had to give, all the best part of her shallow store, poor Julia Griffiths had paid to her husband, who did not love her; to her second son, whose whole life was a sorrow to his parents. When he died she could never forgive poor Guy for living still, for being his father's friend and right hand, and so doing her a wrong. She had been a real mother to Hugh, who was gone; to Guy, who was alive still and patiently waiting to do her bidding, and yet I am sure no life-devoted mother could have been more anxiously watched and tended by her son. Perhaps—how shall I say what I mean?—if he had loved her more and been more entirely one with her now, his dismay would have been less, his power greater to bear her pain, to look on at her struggling agony of impotence. Even pain does not come between the love of people who really love.

The doctor came and went, leaving some comfort behind him. Guy sat up all that night burning logs on the fire in the dressing-room, out of the bedroom in which Mrs. Griffiths was lying. Every now and then I went in to him and found him sitting over the hearth shaking his great shaggy head, as he had a way of doing, and biting his fingers, and muttering "Poor soul! poor mother!" Sometimes he would come in creaking on tiptoe; but his presence seemed to agitate the poor woman, and I was obliged to motion him back again. Once, when I went in and sat down for a few minutes in an arm-chair beside him, he suddenly began to tell me that there had been trouble between them that morning. "It made it very hard to bear," he said.

I asked him what the trouble had been.

"I told her I thought I should like to marry," Guy confessed, with a rueful face.

Even then I could hardly help smiling.

"Selfish beast that I am! I upset her, poor soul! I behaved like a brute."

His distress was so great that it was almost impossible to console him, and it was in vain to assure him that the attack had been produced by physical causes.

"Do you want to marry any one in particular?" I asked, at last, to divert his thoughts, if I could, from the present.

"No," said he; "at least, of course she is out of the question—only I thought perhaps some day I should have liked to have a wife and children and a home of my own. Why, the counting-house is not so dreary as this place sometimes seems to me."

And then, though it was indeed no time for love-confidences, I could not help asking him who it was that was out of the question.

Guy Griffiths shrugged his great round shoulders impatiently, and gave something between a groan and a sigh, and a smile, dark and sulky as he looked at times, a smile brightened up his grim face very pleasantly.

"She don't even know my name," he said.

"I saw her one night at the play, and then in a lane in the country a little time after. I found out who she was. She's a daughter of old Mr. Griffiths the stockbroker. Belinda, they call her."

(Miss Belinda. It's rather a silly name, isn't it?)

(Yes, of course, I politely denied.) "I'm sure I don't know what there is about her," he went on, in a gentle voice.

"All the fellows down there were head over ears in love with her. I asked—in fact I went down to Farmborough in hopes of meeting her again. I never saw such a sweet young creature, never. I never spoke to her in my life."

"But you know her father?" I asked.

"Old Mr. Griffiths? Yes," said Guy. "His wife was my father's cousin, and we are each other's trustees for some money which was divided between me and Mrs. Barry. My parents never kept up with them much, but I was named trustee in my father's place when he died. I didn't like to refuse. I had never seen Belinda then. Do you like sweet, sleepy eyes that wake up now and then? Was that my mother calling?"

For a minute he had forgotten the dreary present. It all came rushing back again. The bed creaked, the patient had moved a little on her pillow, and there was a gleam of some intelligence in her pinched face. The clock struck four in quick, tinkling tones; the rain seemed to have ceased, and the clouds to be parting; the room turned suddenly chill, though the fire was burning.

When I went home about five o'clock, all the stars had come out, and were shooting brilliantly overhead. The garden seemed full of a sudden freshness and of secret life stirring in the darkness; the sick woman's light was burning faintly, and in my own window the little bright lamp was flickering which H.'s kind fingers had trimmed and put there ready for me when I should return. When we reached the little gate, Guy opened it and let me pass under the arch on his way to call upon us. I say young Mr. Griffiths, but I suppose he is over thirty now, for it is more than ten years since his father died.

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knows why, but the whole machine breaks down on the road and can't be set going again. And then other vehicles go past it, hand-trucks, perambulators, cabs, omnibuses, and great prosperous barouches, and the people who were sitting in the broken-down equipage get out and walk away on foot.

On that celebrated and melancholy Black Monday of which we have all heard; poor John Barry and his three daughters came down the carpeted steps of their comfortable abode for the last time, and disappeared at the wicket of a little suburban cottage—disappeared out of the prosperous, pompous, highly respectable circle in which they had gyrated, dragged about by two fat bay horses, in the greatest decorum and respectability; dining out, receiving their friends, returning their civilities. Miss Barry had laid large cards with their names engraved upon them, in return for other large cards upon which were inscribed equally respectable names, and the addresses of other equally commodious family mansions. A mansion—so the house-agent told us—was a house like another with the addition of a back staircase. The Barrys and all their friends had back staircases to their houses and to their daily life as well. They only wished to contemplate the broad, sweet, carpeted drawing-room flights. Indeed, to Anna and Fanny Barry, this making the best of things, card-leaving and visiting, seemed a business of vital importance. The youngest of the girls, who had been christened by the pretty silly name of Belinda, had only lately come home from school, and did not value these splendours and proprieties so highly as her sisters did. She had no great love for the life they led. Sometimes looking over the balustrade of their great house in Capulet Square, she had yawned out loud from very weariness, and then she would hear the sound echoing all the way up to the skylight and reverberating down from balcony to balcony. If she went into the drawing room, instead of the yawning echoes the shrill voices of Anna and Fanny were vibrating monotonously as they complimented Lady Ogden upon her new barouche, until Belinda could bear it no longer, and would jump up and run away to her bedroom to escape it all. She had a handsome bedroom, draped in green damask, becarpeted, four-posted, with an enormous mahogany wardrobe, of which poor Belle was dreadfully afraid, for the doors would fly open of their own accord in the dead of night, revealing dark abysses and depths unknown, with black ghosts hovering suspended or motionless and bidding their time. There were other horrors: shrouds waving in the blackness, feet stirring, and low creakings of garments, which she did not dare to dwell upon, as she had lately learned the doors and pushed the writing-table against them.

It must, therefore, be confessed, that to Belinda the days had been long and oppressive sometimes in this handsomely appointed Tyburnian palace. Anna, the eldest sister, was queen-regnant; she had both ability and inclination to take the lead. She was short, broad, and dignified, and some years older than either of her sisters. Her father respected her business-like mind, admired her ambition, regretted sometimes, secretly, that she had never been able to make up her mind to accept any of the eligible young junior partners, the doctor, the curate, who had severally proposed to her. But then, of course, as Anna often said, they could not possibly have got on without her at home. She had been in no hurry to leave the comfortable kingdom where she reigned in undisputed authority, ratifying the decisions of the ministry downstairs, appealed to by the butler, respectfully dreaded by both the housemaids. Who was there to go against her? Mr. Barry was in town all day and left everything to her; Fanny, the second sister, was her faithful ally. Fanny was sprightly, twenty-one, with black eyes, and a curl that was much admired. She was fond of fashion, flirting, and finery; inquisitive, talkative, feeble-minded, and entirely devoted to Anna. As for Belle, she had only come back from school the other day. Anna could not quite understand her at times. Fanny was of age, and content to do as she was bid; here was Belle, at eighteen, asserting herself very strangely. Anna and Fanny seemed to pair off somehow and Belle always had to hold her own without assistance, unless, indeed, her father was present. He had a great tenderness and affection for his youngest child, and the happiest hour of the day to Belinda was when she heard him come home and call for her in his cheerful, quavering voice. By degrees it seemed to her, as she listened, that the cheerfulness seemed to be dying out of his voice, and only the quaver remained; but that may have been fancy and because she had taken a childish dislike to the echoes in the house.

At dinner-time Anna used to ask her father how things were going in the city, and what shirtings had risen and what at what premium the Treasuries shares were held in the market. There were some shares in a Cornish mine company of which Mr. Barry was a director. Anna thought so highly of the whole concern that she had been anxious to invest a portion of her own and her sister Fanny's money in it. They had some small inheritance from their mother, of part of which they had the control when they came of age; the rest was invested in the Funds in Mr. Griffiths's name, and could not be touched. Poor Belle, being a minor, had to be content with sixty pounds a year for her pin-money, which was all she could get for her two thousand pounds.

When Anna talked business Mr. Barry tried to be quite dazzled by her practical clear-headedness, her calm forethought, and powers of rapid calculation. Fanny used to prick up her ears and ask, shaking her curls playfully, how much girls must have to be heiresses, and did Anna think they should ever be heiresses? Anna would smile and nod her head, in a calm and chastened sort of way, at this childish impudence.

"You should be very thankful, Frances, for all you have to look to, and for your excellent prospects. Early Ogden, with all her hair and nose, would not be sorry to be in your place."

At which Fanny blushed up bright red, and Belinda jumped impatiently upon her chair, blinking her white eyelids impatiently over her clear gray eyes, as she had a way of doing.

"I can't bear talking about money," said she; "anything is better . . ." Then she too stopped short and blushed.

"Papa," interrupted Fanny, playfully, "when will you escort us to the pantomime again? The Ogden are all going next Tuesday, and you have been most naughty, and not taken us anywhere for such a long time."

Mr. Barry, who rarely refused anything anybody asked him, pushed his chair away from the table and answered, with strange impatience for him.

"My dear, I have had no time lately for plays

and amusements of any sort. After working from morning to night for you all, I am tired, and want a little peace of an evening. I have neither spirits nor—"

"Dear papa," said Belinda, eagerly, "come up into the drawing room and sit in the easy-chair, and let me play you to sleep."

As she spoke, Belinda satiated a delightful fresh, sweet, tender smile, like sunshine falling on a fair landscape. No wonder the little stockbroker was fond of his youngest daughter. Frances was pouting. Anna frowned slightly as she looked up the wine and turned over in her mind whether she might not write to the Ogden and ask them to let Frances join the party. As for Belinda, playing Mozart to her father in the dim drawing-room upstairs, she was struck by the worn and harassed look in his face as he slept, mooring gently in accompaniment to her music. It was the last time Belle ever played upon the old piano. Three or four days after, the crash came. The great Tre Rosa Mining Company (Limited) had failed, and the old-established house of Barry & Co. unexpectedly stopped payment.

If poor Mr. Barry had done it on purpose, his ruin could not have been more complete and inglorious. When his affairs came to be looked into, and his liabilities had been met, it was found that an immense fortune had been muddled away, and that scarcely anything would be left but a small furnished cottage, which had been given for her life to an old aunt just deceased, and which reverted to Fanny, her god-child, and the small sum which still remained in the three per cent, of which mention has been made, and which could not be touched until Belle, the youngest of three daughters, should come of age.

After two or three miserable days of confusion—during which the machine which had been set going with so much trouble still revolved once or twice with the force of its own impetus, the butler answering the bell, the footman bringing up the coals, the cook sending up the dinner as usual—suddenly everything collapsed, and the great mass of furniture, servants, human creatures, animals, carriages, business and pleasure engagements, seemed overthrown together in a great struggling mass, panting and bewildered and trying to get free from the confusion of particles that no longer belonged to one another.

First the cook packed up her things and some nice damask table-cloths and napkins, a pair of sheets, and Mrs. Barry's umbrella, which happened to be hanging in the hall; then the three ladies drove off with their father to the cottage, where it was decided they should go to be out of the way of any unpleasantness. He had no heart to begin again, and was determined to give up the battle. Belle sat with her father on the back seat of the carriage, looking up into his haggard face a little wistfully, and trying to be as miserable as the others. She could not help it—a cottage in the country, ruin, roses, novelty, clean clothes instead of damask, a little room with magnolia, cocks crowing, had a wicked, morbid attraction for her which she could not overcome. She had longed for such a life when she had gone down to stay with the Ogden at Farmborough last month, and had seen several haystacks and lovely little thatched cottages, where she had felt she would have liked to spend the rest of her days: one in particular had taken her fancy, with dear little latticed windows and a pigeon-cote, and two rosy little oobies with a kitten toddling out from the ivy porch; but a great rough-looking man had come up in a slouchy wide-awake and frightened Emily Ogden so much that she had pulled Belinda away in a hurry . . . but here a sob from Fanny brought Belle back to her place in the barouche.

Anna felt that she must bear up, and nerved herself to the effort. Upon her the blow fell more heavily than upon any of the others. Indignant, injured, angry with her father, furious with the managers, the directors, the shareholders, the secretary, the unfortunate company, with the Bankruptcy Court, the Ogden, the laws of fate, the world in general, with Fanny for sobbing, and with Belle for looking placid, she sat blankly staring out of the window as they drove past the houses where they had visited, and where she had been entertained as honored guest; and now—she put the hateful thought away—bankrupt, disgraced! Her bonnet was crushed in; she did not say a word; but her face looked quite fierce and old, and frightened Fanny into fresh lamentations. These hysterics had been first brought on by the night of Emily Ogden driving by in the new barouche. This was quite too much for her poor friend's fortitude.

"Emily will drop us, I know she will," sobbed Fanny. "Oh, Anna! will they ever come and ask us to their Thursday luncheon-parties any more?"

"My children," said Mr. Barry, with a placid groan, pulling up the window, "we are disgraced; we can only hide our heads away from the world. Do not expect that any one will ever come near us again." At which announcement Fanny went off into new tears and howlings. As for the kind, bewildered, weak-headed, soft-hearted little man, he had been so utterly worn out, harassed, worried, and wearied of late, that it was almost a relief to him to think that this was indeed the case. He sat holding Belle's hand in his, stroking and patting it, and wondering that people so near London did not keep the roads in better repair. "We must be getting near our new abode," said he at last almost cheerfully.

"You speak as if you were glad of our shame, papa," said Anna, suddenly, turning round upon him.

"Oh, hush!" cried Belle, indignantly. Fortunately the coachman stopped at this moment on a spot a very long way off from Capulet Square; and, leaning from his box, asked if it was that little box across the common.

"Oh, what a sweet little place!" cried Belinda. But her heart rather sank as she told this dread-ful story.

Myrtle Cottage was a melancholy little tumble-down place, looking over Dunstable Common, which they had been crossing all this time. It was covered with snow, cracked and stained and mouldy. There was a stained-glass window, which was broken. The veranda wanted painting. From outside it was evident that the white iron railings were not so fresh as they might have been. There was a little garden in front, planted with durable materials. Even out of doors, in the garden in the suburbs, the box-edger, the laurel-bushes, and the stony old jessamines are apt to look shabby in time, if they are never renewed. A certain amount of time and money might, perhaps, have made Myrtle Cottage into a pleasant little habitation; but (judging from appearances) its last inhabitants seemed to have been in some want of both these commodities.

Its helpless new occupants were not likely to have much of either to spare. A little dining-room, with glass drop candlesticks and a rickety table, and a print of a church and a dissenting minister on the wall. A little drawing-room, with a great horse-hair sofa, a huge round table in the middle of the room, and more glass drop candlesticks, also a small work-table of glass over faded worsted embroidery. Four little bedrooms, mousey, musty, stuffy, with four-posters as terrific as any they had left behind, and a small, black dungeon for a maid-servant. This was the little paradise which Belle had been picturing to herself all along the road, and at which she looked round half-wishing, half-dreading. Their bundles, baskets, blankets were handed in, and a cart full of boxes had arrived. Fanny's parrot was shrieking at the top of its voice on the narrow landing.

"What fun!" cried Belinda, excitedly, instantly setting to work to get things into some order, while Fanny lay exhausted upon the horse-hair sofa; and Anna, in her haughtiest tones, desired the coachman to drive home, and stood watching the receding carriage until it had divided away into the distance—coachman, hammer cloth, bay horses, respectability, and all. When she re-entered the house the parrot was screaming still, and Maria, the under-house-maid—now transformed into a sort of extract of butler, footman, ladies-maid, and cook—was trying some sauces, of which the vulgar smell pervaded the place.

III.

Belle exclaimed, but it required all her courage and natural brightness of spirit to go on looking at the bright side of things, praising the cottage, working in the garden, giving secret assistance to the two bewildered maids who waited on the reduced little family, cheering her father, smiling, and putting the best face on things, as her sisters used to do at home. If it had been all front stairs in Capulet Square, it was all back stairs at the cottage. Rural roses, calm sunsets, long shadows across the common are all very well; but when puffs of smoke come out of the chimney and fill the little place; when, if the window is opened, a rush of wind and dust—worse than smoke—comes eddying into the room, and cinders round the four narrow walls; when poor little Fanny coughs and shudders, and wraps

with a blackened nose and rosy cheek, opened the door of the room presently, and called her father eagerly, she did not notice, as she ran upstairs before him, how wearily he followed her. A flood of light came from the dreary little room overhead. It had been transformed into a bower of white dimity, bright windows, clean moulin blinde. The dusty old carpet was gone, and a clean crumpled rug had been put down, with a comfortable rug before the fireplace. A new day of jasmine stood on the chimney, and at each corner of the four-post bed, the absurd young decorator had stuck a smart bow, made out of some of her own blue ribbons, in place of the terrible pines and tassels which had waved there in dust and darkness before. One of the two armchairs which had been blocked up the wall of the dining room had been also covered out of some of Belinda's stores, and stood comfortably near the open window. The sun was setting over the great common outside, behind the mill and the distant fringe of elm trees. Martha, standing all illuminated by the sunbeams, with her mop in her hand, was grinning from ear to ear, and Belle turned and rushed into her father's arms. But Mr. Barly was quite overcome.

"My child," he said, "why do you trouble yourself so much for me? Your sister has told me all. I don't deserve it. I cannot bear that you should be brought to this. My Belle working and slaving with your own hands through my fault—through my fault!"

The old man sat down on the side of the bed by which he had been standing, and laid his face in his hands, in a perfect agony of remorse and regret. Belinda was dismayed by the result of her labors. In vain she tried to cheer him and comfort him. The sweeter she seemed in his eyes, the more miserable the poor father grew at the condition to which he had brought her.

For many days after he went about in a sort of despair, thinking what he could do to retrieve his ruined fortunes, and if Belinda still rose before him to see to his comfort and the better ordering of the confused little household, he took care not to let it be known. Anna came down at nine, Fanny at ten. Anna would then spend several hours regarding her former dignities, reading the newspaper and the fashionable intelligence, while the dismal strains of Fanny's piano (there was a jangling piano in the little drawing-room) streamed across the common. To a stormy spring, with wind flying, and dust dashing against the window panes, and gray clouds swiftly bearing across the wide, open country, had succeeded a warm and brilliant summer, with sunshine flooding and spreading over the country. Anna and Fanny were able to get out a little now, but they were soon tired, and would sit down under a tree and remark to one another how greatly they missed their accustomed drives. Belinda, who had sometimes at first disappeared now and then to cry miserably a little bit by herself over her troubles, now discovered that at eighteen, with good health and plenty to do, happiness is possible, even without a carriage.

One day Mr. Barly, who still went into the city from habit, came home with some news which had greatly excited him. Wheel Tre Ross, of which he still held a great many shares, which he had never been able to dispose of, had been giving some signs of life. A fresh call was to be made: some capitalists, with more money than he evidently knew what to do with, had been buying up a great deal of the stock. The works were to be resumed. Mr. Barly had always been satisfied that this concern was a good one. It would give everything he had, he told Anna that evening, to be able to raise enough money now to buy up more of the shares. His fortune was made if he could do so; his children replied in their proper position, and his name restored. Anna was in a state of greater flutter, if possible, than her father himself. Belle sighed; she could not help feeling doubtful, but she did not like to say much on the subject.

"Papa, this Wheel Tre Ross is a very treacherous wheel of fortune to us," she hazarded, blushing and bounding over her sewing; "we are very, very happy as we are."

"Happy?" said Anna, with a sneer. "Rally, Belinda, you are too romantic," said Fanny, with a titter, while Mr. Barly cried out, in an excited way, "that she should be happier yet, and all her goodness and dutifulness should be rewarded in time." A sort of premonition of evil came over Belinda, and her eyes filled up with tears; but she smothered them away and said no more.

Unfortunately the only money Mr. Barly could think of to lay his hands upon was that sum in the three per cent. upon which they were now living, and even if he chose he could not touch any of it, until Belinda came of age; unless, indeed, young Mr. Griffiths would give him permission to do so.

"Go to him, papa," cried Anna, enthusiastically. "Go to him; entreat, insist upon it, if necessary."

All that evening Anna and Frances talked over their brilliant prospects.

"I should like to see the Ogden again," said poor little Fanny.

"Perhaps we shall if we go back to Capulet Square."

"Certainly, certainly," said Anna.

"I have heard that this Mr. Griffiths is a most uncouth and uncivilized person to deal with," continued Miss Barly, with her finger on her chin. "Papa, wouldn't it be better for me to go to Mr. Griffiths instead of you?" This, however, Mr. Barly would not consent to.

Anna could hardly contain her vexation and spite when he came back next day dispirited, crestfallen, and utterly wretched and disappointed. Mr. Griffiths would have nothing to say to it.

"What's the good of a trustee," said he to Mr. Barly, "if he were to let you invest your money in such a speculative chance as that? Take my advice, and sell out your shares now, if you can, for anything you can get."

"A early, disagreeable fellow," said poor old Mr. Barly. "I heartily wish he had nothing to do with our affairs."

Anna fairly stamped with rage. "What insolence, when it is our own! Papa, you have no spirit to allow such interference!"

Mr. Barly looked at her gravely, and said he should not allow it. Anna did not know what he meant.

Belinda was not easy about her father all this time. He came and went in an odd, excited sort of way, stopping short sometimes as he was walking across the room, and standing absorbed in thought. One day he went into the city unexpectedly about the middle of the day, and came back looking quite odd, pale, with curious eyes; something was wrong, she could not tell what. In the meantime Wheel Tre Ross

seemed, spite of Mr. Griffiths' prophecies, to be steadily rising in the world. More business had been done; the shares were a trifle higher. A meeting of directors was convened, and actually a small dividend was declared at midsummer. It really seemed as if there was some chance after all that Anna should be reinstated in the broughie, in Capulet Square, and her place in society. She and Fanny were half wild with delight. "When we leave,"—was the beginning of every sentence they uttered. Fanny wrote the good news to her friend Miss Ogden, and, under those circumstances, to Fanny's unforgotten delight, Emily Ogden, thought herself justified in driving over to the village one fine afternoon, and affably partaking of a cracked cupful of five o'clock tea. It was slightly smoked, and the milk was turned. Belinda had gone out for a walk and was not there to see it at all; I am afraid she did not quite forgive Emily the part she had played, and could not make up her mind to meet her.

One morning Anna was much excited by the arrival of a letter directed to Mr. Barly in great round handwriting, and with a huge seal, all over bears and griffins. Her father was forever expecting news of his beloved Tre Ross, and he broke the seal with some curiosity. But this was only an invitation to dine and sleep at Castle Gardens from Mr. Griffiths, who said he had an offer to make Mr. Barly, and concluded by saying that he hoped Mr. Barly would forgive him for the ingratitude part he had been obliged to play the other day, and that, in like circumstances, he would do the same by him.

"I shan't go," said Mr. Barly, a little doggedly, putting the letter down.

"Nonsense, papa! Why, you may be able to talk him over if you get him quietly to yourself. Certainly you must go, papa," said Anna. "Oh! I'm sure he means to relent. How nice!" said Fanny. Even Belinda thought it was a pity he should not accept the invitation, and Mr. Barly gave way as usual. He asked them if they had any commands for him in town.

"Oh, thank you, papa," said Frances. "If you are going shopping, I wish you would bring me back a blue alpaca, and a white grenadine, and a pink poult, and a—"

"My dear Fanny, that will be quite sufficient for the short time you remain here," interrupted Anna, who went on to give her father several commissions of her own, some writing paper stamped with Barly Lodge and their crest in one corner, a jacket with buttons for the knife-holders they had lately engaged upon the strength of their coming good fortune; a new umbrella, house-agent's list of mansions in the neighborhood of Capulet Square, the *Journal de Modes*, and the *New Court Guide*. "Let me see, there was something else," said Anna.

"Belle," said Mr. Barly, "how comes it you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, my child?"

Belle looked up with one of her bright, melancholy smiles, and replied, "If you should see any roses, papa, I think I should like a bunch of roses. We have none in the garden."

"Roses!" cried Fanny, laughing. "I didn't know you cared for anything but what was useful, Belle."

"I quite expected you would ask for a sateen, or a muslin, or a—"

Belle sighed again, and then the three went and stood at the garden gate to see their father off. It made a pretty little group for the green on the common to contemplate,—the two young sisters at the veranda, the elder under the shade of the veranda, Belle upright, smiling, waving her slim hand; she was above the middle height, she had fair hair and dark eyebrows and gray eyes, over which she had a peculiar way of blinking her smooth white eyelids,—and all about, the birds, the soft winds, the great green common with its gorgeous larks blossoming black against the low bank of clouds in the horizon. Close at hand a white pony was tranquilly cropping the grass, and two little village children were standing outside the railings, gazing up open-mouthed at the pretty ladies who lived at the cottage.

IV.

The clouds which had been gathering all the afternoon broke shortly before Mr. Barly reached his entertainer's house. He had tried to get there through Kensington Gardens, but could not make out the way, and went wandering round and round in some perplexity under the great trees with their creaking branches. The street did not last long, and the clouds dispersed at sunset. When Mr. Barly rang at the gate of the villa in Capulet Square at last that evening he was weary, wet through, and far less triumphant than he had been when he left his home in the morning. The butler who let him in gave the bag which he had been carrying to the footman and showed him the way upstairs immediately, to the comfortable room which had been made ready for him. Upholsterers had done the work on the whole better than Belle with all her loving labor. The chairs were a finer than her print-covered horse-hair cushions. The walls were burning although it was broad daylight. Mr. Barly went to the bay window. The garden outside was a sight to see: smooth lawns, arches, roses in profusion and abundance, hanging and climbing and clustering everywhere, a distant gleam of a fountain, of a golden orb, a chirruping and rustling in the bushes and trellises after the storm. The sunset which was lighting up the fern on the rain-sprinkled common was twinkling through the rose petals here, bringing out odors and aromas and whiffs of delicious scent. Mr. Barly thought of Belle and how he should like to see her flitting about in the garden and picking roses to her heart's content. As he stood there he thought too with a pang of his wife whom he had lost, and sighed in a sort of despair at the troubles which had fallen upon him of late. What would he not give to undo the work of the last few months, he thought—nay, of the last few days? He had once come to this very house with his wife in their early days of marriage. He remembered it now, although he had not thought of it before.

Sometimes it happens to us all that things which happened ever so long ago seem to make a start out of their proper place in the course of time, and come after us, until they catch us up, as it were, and surround us, so that one can hear the voices, and see the faces and colors, and feel the old sensations and thrills as keenly as at the time they occurred—all so curiously and strangely vivid that one can scarcely conceive it possible that years and years perhaps have passed since it all happened, and that their present shock proceeds from ancient and almost forgotten impulses. And so, as Mr. Barly looked and remembered and thought of the past, a sudden remorse and shame came over him. He seemed to see his wife standing in the garden,

holding the roses up over her head, looking like Belle—like, yet unlike. Way it should have been so, at the thought of his wife among the flowers, I cannot tell; but as he remembered that he was there in the house of the man he had defrauded—he began to ask himself how could he face him? how could he sit down beside him at table, and break his bread? The poor old fellow fell back with a groan in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. Should he confess? Oh, no—no, that would be the most terrible of all!

What he had done was simply told. When Guy Griffiths refused to let Mr. Barly lay hands on any of the money which he had in trust for his daughter, the family and angry old man had sold out a portion of the sum belonging to Mr. Griffiths which still remained in his own name. It had not seemed like dishonesty at the time, but now he would have gladly—oh, how gladly!—awakened to find it all a dream. He dressed mechanically, turning over every possible chance in his own mind. Let Wheel Tre Ross go on and prosper, the first money should go to repay his loan, and no one should be the wiser. He went down into the library again when he was ready. It was empty still, and to his relief, the master of the house had not yet come back. He waited a very long time, looking at the clock, at the reviews on the table, at the picture of Mrs. Griffiths, whom he could remember in her youth, upon the wall. The butler came in again to say that his master had not yet returned. Some message had come by a boy, which was not very intelligible—he had been detained in the city. Mrs. Griffiths was not well enough to leave her room, but she hoped Mr. Barly would order dinner—anything he required—and that her son would shortly return.

It was very late. There was nothing else to be done. Mr. Barly found a fire lighted in the great dining-room, dinner laid, one plate and one knife and fork, at the end of the long table. The dinner was excellent—as was the wine. The butler uncorked a bottle of champagne, the cook sent up chickens and all sorts of good things. Mr. Barly almost felt as if he, by some strange metamorphosis, had been converted into the owner of this handsome dwelling, and all that belonged to it. At twelve o'clock Mr. Griffiths had not yet returned, and his guest, after a somewhat perplexed and solitary meal, retired to rest.

Mr. Barly breakfasted by himself again next morning. Mr. Griffiths had not returned all night. In his secret heart Mr. Griffiths' guest was almost relieved by the absence of his entertainer; it seemed like a reprieve. Perhaps, after all, everything would go well, and the confession, which he had contemplated with such terror the night before, need never be made. For the present, it was clearly no use to wait any longer at the house. Mr. Barly asked for a cab to take him to the station left his compliments and regrets, and a small sum of money behind him, and then, as the cab delayed, strolled out into the front garden to wait for it.

Even in the front court the roses were all about; a great rose-cluster was growing over the door-way, in a pretty trellis was hanging its head over the scupper; against the outer railing which separated the house from the road roses had been planted. The beautiful pink fragrant heads were pushing through the iron railings, and a delicious little rose wind came blowing in the poor old fellow's face. He began to think—no wonder—of Belle and her fancy for roses, and mechanically, without much reflecting upon what he was about, he stopped and inhaled the ravishing sweet smell of the great dewy flowers, and then put out his hand and gathered one, and as he gathered it a sharp thorn ran into his finger, and a heavy grasp was laid upon his shoulder.

"So it is you, is it, who sneak in and steal my roses?" said an angry voice. "Now that I know who it is, I shall give you in charge."

Mr. Barly looked round greatly startled. He met the fierce gaze of two dark-brown eyes under shaggy brows that were frowning very fiercely. A broad, thick-set, round-shouldered young man of forbidding aspect had laid hold of him. The young man let go his grasp when he saw the mistake he had made, but did not cease frowning.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Barly," he said.

"I was just going," said the stockbroker, meekly. "I am glad you have returned in time for me to see you, Mr. Griffiths. I am sorry I took your son. My youngest daughter is fond of them, and I thought I might, out of all this gardenful—you would not—she had asked—"

There was something so stern and unforgiving in Mr. Griffiths' face that the merchant stumbled in his words, and stopped short, surprised, in the midst of his explanations.

"The roses were not yours, not if there were ten gardens full. I won't have my roses broken off," said Griffiths; "they shall be cut with a knife. Come back with me; I want to have a little talk with you, Mr. Barly."

Somehow the old fellow's heart began to beat, and he felt himself more than a little sick.

"I was detained last night by some trouble in my office. One of my clerks in whom I thought I could have trusted, absconded yesterday afternoon. I have been all the way to Liverpool in pursuit of him. What do you think should be done with him?" And Mr. Griffiths, from under his thick eyebrow, gave a quick glance at his present victim, and seemed to expect some sort of answer.

"You prosperous men cannot realize what it is to be greatly-trampled," said Mr. Barly, with a faint smile.

"Do you know that Wheel Tre Ross has come to grief a second time?" said young Mr. Griffiths, abruptly, holding out the morning's *Times*, as they walked along. "I am not a prosperous man; I had a great many shares in that unlucky concern."

Poor Barly stopped short and turned quite pale, and began to shake so that he had to put his hand out and lean against the wall. Failed! Was he doomed to misfortune? Then there was never any chance for him—never. No hope of paying back the debt which weighed upon his conscience. He could not realize it. Failed! The rose had fallen to the ground; the poor wretched man stood still, staring blackly in the other's grim, unrelenting face.

"I am ruined," he said.

"You are ruined! Is that the worst you have to tell me?" said Mr. Griffiths, still looking piercingly at him. Then the other felt that he knew all.

"I have been very unfortunate,—and very much to blame," said Mr. Barly, still trembling; "terribly to blame," said Mr. Griffiths. "I can only throw myself upon your clemency."

"My clemency! my mercy! I am no phil-

anthropist," said Guy, savagely. "I am a man of business, and you have defrauded me!"

"Sir," said the stockbroker, finding some odd comfort in braving the worst, "you refused to let me take what was my own; I have paid out some of your money to invest in this fatal concern. Heaven knows it was not for myself, but for the sake of—of—others; and I thought to repay you ere long. You can repay yourself now. You need not reproach me any more. You can send me to prison if you like. I—I—don't much care what happens. My Belle, my poor Belle—my poor girls!"

All this time Guy said never a word. He motioned Mr. Barly to follow him into the library. Mr. Barly obeyed, and stood meekly waiting for the coming onslaught. He stood in the full glare of the morning sun, which was pouring through the unblinded window. His poor old scabby head was bent, and his hair stood on end in the sunshine.

His eyes avoiding the glare, went vacantly travelling along the scroll-work on the fender, and so to the coal-scuttle and to the skirting on the wall, and back again. Dishonored,—yes, Bankrupt,—yes, Three-score years had brought him to this—to shame, to trouble. It was a hard world for unlucky people; but Mr. Barly was too much broken, too weary and indifferent, to feel very bitterly even against the world. Meanwhile, Guy was going on with his reflections, and like those amongst us who are still young and strong, he could put more life and energy into his condemnation and judgment of actions done, than the unlucky perpetrators had to give to the very deeds themselves. Some folks do wrong as well as right, with scarcely more than half a mind to it.

"How could you do such a thing?" cried the young man, indignantly, beginning to rush up and down the room in his hasty, clumsy way, knocking against tables and chairs as he went along. "How could you do it?" he repeated. "I warned it yesterday, by chance. What can I say to you that your own conscience should not have told you already? How could you do it?"

Guy had reached the great end window, and stamped with vexation and a mixture of anger and sorrow. For all his fierceness and gruffness, he was sorry for the poor feeble old man, whose fate he held in his hand. There was the garden outside, and its treasure and glory of roses; there was the rose, lying on the ground, that old Barly had taken. It was lying broken and shining upon the gravel—one rose out of the hundreds that were bursting, and blooming, and fading, and falling on their spreading stems.

It was like the wrong old Barly had done his kind—like a little wrong Guy thought, one little handful out of all his abundance. He looked back, and by chance caught sight of their two figures reflected in the glass at the other end of the room—his own image, the strong, round-shouldered, broad-shouldered young man, with gleaming white teeth, and black, bristling hair; the feeble and unlearned, with his broken, wandering looks, waiting his sentence. It was not Guy who delivered it. It came—no very terrible one after all—prompted by some unaccountable secret voice and impulse. Have we not all of us sometimes suddenly felt ashamed in our lives in the face of misfortune and sorrow? Are we Pharisees, standing in the market place, with our phylacteries displayed to the world? We ask ourselves, in dismay, does this man go home justified rather than we? Guy was not the less worthy of his Belinda, poor fellow, because a thought of her crossed his mind, and because he blushed up, and a gentle look came into his eyes, and a shame into his heart—a shame of his strength and prosperity, of his probity and high honor. When had he been tempted? What was it but a chance that he had been born what he was? And yet old Barly, in all his troubles, had a treasure in his possession for which Guy felt he would give all his good fortune and good name, his roses—red, white, and golden—his best heart's devotion, which he secretly felt to be worth all the rest. Now was the time, the young man thought, to make that proposition which he had in his mind.

"Look here," said Guy, hanging his great shaggy head, and speaking quickly and thickly, as if he was the culprit instead of the accuser. "You imply it was for your daughter's sake that you cheated me. I cannot consent to act as you would have me do, and take your daughter's money to pay myself back. But if one of them—Miss Belinda, since she likes roses—chooses to come here and work the debt off, she can do so. My mother is in bad health, and wants a companion; she will engage her at—let me see—a hundred guineas a year, and in this way, by degrees, the debt will be cleared off."

"In twenty years!" said Mr. Barly, bewildered, relieved, astonished.

"Yes, in twenty years," said Guy, as if that was the most natural thing in the world. "Go home and consult her, and come back and give me the answer."

And as he spoke, the butler came in to say that the hansom was at the door.

Poor old Barly bent his worn, quivering head and went out. He was shaken and utterly puzzled.

If Guy had told him to climb up the chimney he would have obeyed. He could only do as he was bid. As it was, he clambered with difficulty into the hansom, told the man to go to the station for Dumbleton, and he was driving off gladly when some one called after the cab. The old man perked up anxiously. Had Griffiths changed his mind? Was his heart hardened like Pharaoh's at the eleventh hour?

It was certainly Guy who came hastily after the cab, looking more awkward and sulky than ever. "Hail! Stop! You have forgotten the roses for your daughter," said he, thrusting in a great bunch of sweet foam and freshness. As the cab drove along, people passing by looked up and envied the man who was carrying such loveliness through the black and dreary London streets. Could they have seen the face looking out behind the roses they might have ceased to envy.

Belle was on the watch for her father at the garden gate, and exclaimed with delight, as she saw him toiling up the hill from the station with his huge bunch of flowers. She came running to meet him with fluttering skirts and outstretched hands, and sweet smiles gladdening her face. "Oh, papa, how lovely! Have you had a pleasant time?" Her father hardly responded.

"Take the roses, Belle," he said. "I have paid for them dearly enough." He went into the house wearily, and sat down in the shabby armchair. And then he turned and called Belinda to him wistfully and put his trembling arm round about her. Poor old Barly was no mighty Jephthah; but his feeble old head bent with some such pathetic longing and remorse over his Belle as he drew her to him, and told her, in a few simple, broken words, all the story of

what had befallen him in those few hours since he went away. He could not part from her. "I can't, I can't," he said, as the girl put her tender arms round his neck.

Guy came to see me a few days after his interview with old Mr. Barly, and told me that his mother had surprised him by her willing acquiescence in the scheme. I could have explained matters to him a little, but I thought it best to say nothing. Mrs. Griffiths had overheard and understood a word or two of what he had said to me that night, when she was taken ill. Was it some sudden remorse for the past? Was it a new-born mother's tenderness stirring in her cold heart, which made her question and cross-question me the next time that I was alone with her? There had often been a talk of some companion or better sort of attendant. When the news came of poor old Barly's failure, it was Mrs. Griffiths herself who first vaguely alluded again to this scheme.

"I might engage one of those girls—the—the—Belinda, I think you called her?"

I was touched, and took her cold hand and kissed it.

"I am sure she would be an immense comfort to you," I said. "You would never regret your kindness."

The sick woman sighed and turned away impatiently, and the result was the invitation to dinner, which turned out so disastrously.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The following story may have been published before, but it must have been a sufficiently long time ago to warrant us in "trotting it out" again:

A Yankee peddler who had stopped in a restaurant to refresh himself one hot day, heard a very sage-looking old gentleman remark, in answer to a friend, who had been relating some marvellous story, said to be true, "Truly truth is stranger than fiction."

Jonathan whereupon stepped up, and slapping the astonished gent on the back, said—

"You're mistaken right there, old horse, it ain't so; and to prove it, I'll bet you the mint jumps for the crowd that I kin tell one fiction that can go a little ahead of any truth as ever you hearn tell on."

"Good," said the old gentleman. "I would like to hear any fiction that can go ahead of Christopher Columbus."

"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't a sacrament," said Jonathan. "But here goes:

"Once I was standing by a big river, way out in Sabary desert, what was dried up. The sun shone so all-fired hot, that I was obliged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes to keep from being blinded; and as I was standing there, I happened to look down the river, and see a large boat without any bottom come floating up the stream, with a hull full of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eyes, tother no arms—another no legs, and the last chap in the stern of the boat, he had no mouth."

"Gosh! I never seed such a sight afore. I was scared like blazes, and just stood and looked at 'em. Presently the chap as had no eyes looked down and seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the river, and the feller wot had no arms leant over and picked it up, then handed it to the chap wot had no legs; and he jumped out of the boat, waded to shore, went over to the grocery shop wot wasn't there, bought a pint of whiskey, and handed it to the feller as had no mouth, and he dranked it up, and all the rest of 'em got dead drunk; and the last I seed of 'em, the feller wot had no mouth was singing Hail Columbia, while the chap wot had no legs was dancing; the no-eyed chap was reading a text out on a psalm-book, and the feller as had no arms was clapping his hands and waving his hat like blazes; and I left bet about that time, Whar's Christopher Columbus now, old horse?"

"Jaleps for the crowd, and charge to me!" roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out of the back door.

The Independent, after praising the "outdoor flavor" of the Antwerp raspberries raised on Mr. Beecher's farm at Pekskill, slyly says: "A minister, like any person, is to be judged by his fruits."

Another Hays.—A hen is said to have the capacity of laying six hundred eggs and no more—a few in her first year, from three hundred and twenty to three hundred and seventy in the next three, and the rest from the fifth to the ninth inclusive. The true economy, therefore, is not to keep hens after their fourth year.

Lord Breugham gives it as his opinion, in one of his learned papers contributed to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that the child receives its unchangeable "bent" of character before its fifth year. If this be so how important are home influences!

The London Saturday Review does not compliment Mr. Longfellow's "Dante," its distinction being characterized by that journal as "dry, perhaps capacious, and certainly very unidiomatic."

The Kennebec Journal gives the following recipe for making rhubarb jellies: Cut the stalks, steam them until soft, press out the juice, add the sugar, bring the mixture to a boil, and then bottle for use.

A new anesthetic has come into fashion of late: it is quadrichloride of carbon, which possesses an agreeable smell of quinces, and can produce insensibility in less than a minute. This insensibility may be maintained with or without loss of consciousness; it affords escape presently when desired, and is not followed by vomiting. It has also been successfully used for obstinate headache.

RELATION OF BEARDS AND EYES.—There is an intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes, and allowing the beard to grow strengthens the eye. It is said that surgeons in the French army have proved by experiment in Africa that soldiers wearing their beards are much less liable to disease of the eye, and it is generally conceded that if the custom is to wear the beard the eye remains its lustre and brilliancy much longer.

The Sultan in his travels has a personage whose function is unique. This is a butcher. By the Mohammedan law a true believer must not eat meat which has been slaughtered by Christians, since they do not invoke the Deity while killing cattle for food. So the Sultan's attendant is both a butcher and a priest.

The latest trick for warming money out of farmers is the oak silk worm. When let out in the morning he runs up oak trees, and comes back at night ready to spin. He will do well if he spins a yarn equal to this.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

WIT AND HUMOR.

WHAT SHE SAID.

"O, I recall her tone," said Tom,
"As sweet as any forest bird's;
The thrush she might have learned it from,
And after fashioned it to words."
"How blest a man," cried Ned, "you are!
Such charms the coldest heart would woo;
Last eve I watched you from afar—
You sought her door—I envied you!"
"Indeed," said Tom, "I fancied not
You watched me from afar—'twas after dark.
But she—O never shall be forgot
Her simple and her sole remark!"
"What did she say?" cried ardent Ned.
"Ah," Tom replied, with twinge of pain,
"Tis you and me, she—well, she said,
"Thomas, you need come again!"

A Good Story.

They tell a story of how the Rev. Dr. Bethune—now dead—was a scholar and an eloquent divine—was once put in a queer position by an intimate friend.

The doctor at the time was settled over a congregation in Brooklyn, and was very popular. A Connecticut congregation gave him a call, and called a thousand dollars per annum better than the Brooklyn people. But he had formed a strong attachment to his parishioners, and, thinking that his sphere of service could not be changed to advantage, he was not tempted by an increase of salary. He remained, to the great delight of his people.

All of the doctor's parishioners were not saints. There were a few sinners among them, else why preach the gospel? And among the last was a jovial pew holder, fond of lush, and apt at all times to get more than he could conveniently carry. Neither was he particular at what time of the day he got drunk. He ended his inclination and had no method in his cups. Bilkus—well, that was not his name, but it will do—Bilkus heard of the doctor's refusal, and he was delighted. In the very height of his pleasure he crossed Fulton Ferry carrying about a quart of brandy.

Dr. Bethune crossed in the same boat, carrying an umbrella.

The brandy carrier happened to catch sight of the umbrella carrier, and at once staggered toward him, exclaiming in his loudest tones:

"How do you do, Dr. Bethune? Let me take your—hic—hand, my dear sir!"

"Speak a little lower, sir, if you please, Mr. Bilkus," murmured Dr. Bethune.

"Yes, sir, I've stood by our pulpit like a man. Them cussed niggers grinding, ham carving Yanks wanted to take you away from us—offered you a thousand dollars a year more—did they?"

By this time the attention of the crowd was fixed on the couple. Dr. Bethune's face was as white as paper, but now it was on fire.

His interlocutor continued:

"Our people have got to make up that thousand dollar—got to! If they don't, I'll do it myself. Kasee if I don't!"

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the doctor, "speak a little lower. You are drawing."

"Yes," interrupted the other. "I know what you said. You ignored the offer. You said you wouldn't go—not an inch. You told them, as a good and pious clergyman ought to, that you'd see 'em d-d first!"

Murphy vs. St. Clair.

A certain gentleman of the Molecan persuasion, who has achieved some little newspaper notoriety in this country, and the initials of whose last name, if put together, would spell Murphy, for some reason or other, and much to the disgust of his brother Irishmen, changed his time-honored patronymic to "the more hifalutin" cognomen of St. Clair. Every one knows how it hurts an Irishman's feelings to see a brother Irishman "go back on the cold sod," and you may be sure that he got many a sharp rap over the knuckles, as the saying is, for the change of name. Some time during the war, our hero was stopping at M. House, as was also a dashing young Irish officer of our army. They chanced to be in the same room, and Major J., who always goes in for a joke, whether at his own expense or some one else's, thought the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he slung out to the waiter—

"Patrick."

"Pat, come to him."

"Bring me a St. Clair," said the major in his matter of fact way.

"A which, sir?" said Pat.

"A St. Clair, I said; don't you understand the American dialect?"

Pat, sorely bothered, scratched his head, and replied—

"Shure, Americk is a queer country, and I never heard such a thing said for before, sir, at all."

"Well, Patrick," quoth our joker, with the air of one about to impart useful knowledge, "it's a potato I want; we used to call them 'Murphies' at home, but I believe the polite name for them in this country is St. Clair."

The major hit hard this time, at least, for the owner of the "polite" name left the table, amid the unrestrained roars of the company, who understood and fully appreciated the "joke," and I believe that was his last appearance on that stage.

STRANGER IN TOWN.—A farmer from the western part of Pennsylvania tells the following story. There may be those who will doubt its accuracy, but we don't, for he is a well known member of the church, and a man of veracity:

"I make maple sugar every season, and for that purpose have a small furnace with several kettles. These kettles remain idle and empty during all the year, except the sugar season; and last summer a favorite old hen of mine made her nest in one of them, and furnished us with an egg every day or two. One day when the sugar season first came on, the kettles were full of boiling sugar water, and the hen came along as usual, and without noticing the fact, flew into the customary kettle and laid a boiled egg."

"Jim, why is it that the musician's stand is always heard so much less distinctly when he plays alone, than when in a band?"

"Why, I didn't know that it was so. Suppose it must be because he plays alone."



AT THE MENAGERIE.

FLEETING PARTY—"I've often wondered how the Hippopotamus could walk!"
SIGHT PARTY—"How those Giraffes can maintain their perpendicular I could never make out!"

CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

There stands a castle by the sea,
With an ancient keep and turret three,
And in it dwells a lady rare,
Rich and lovely, with golden hair,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

In it dwells a baron bold,
Gallant and young, with store of gold,
Store of all that man can crave
To cheer his pathway to the grave,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

The lady bright is kind and good,
The paragon of womanhood;
And her wedded lord is loyal and true,
Beloved alike of rich and poor,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

There dwells a fisher on the strand,
In a little cot with a roof of land,
With his bonnie wife, and girls and boys,
That dumb to his knee with a pleasant noise,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

And the lady of the castle sighs
When she meets the fisher's wife's gladdening eyes,
And wishes that Heaven, to bless her life,
Had made her mother as well as wife,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

The lord of the castle, riding home
Over the hard sea sand where the breakers foam,
Off sees the fisher, his labor done,
Sit with his wife in the glint of the sun,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

St with his wife, and his boys and girls,
Basking the youngest with golden curls,
And turns his envious eyes aside,
And well nigh weeps for all his pride,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

"I'd give," quoth he, "my rank and state,
My wealth, that poor men call so great,
Could I but have that fisherman's joy,
His happy home, and his wife and boys,"
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

A Western paper thus hits off a popular fashion: "The attention of the police should be directed to Pant A. Lyon. He's tight on the streets daily—awful tight."

No pure, but not stern; have moral excellences, but don't bristle with them.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Milk Cows.

The first process in the operation of milking, is to make the cow's acquaintance; give her to understand that the milker approaches her with none other than friendly intentions; for if he sweats, scolds, or kicks her, she may give the milker the benefit of her heels, which in my opinion he is justly entitled to.

Before commencing to milk the cow, she should be fed, or have some kind of fodder; in the enjoyment of mastication of the same, her attention is withdrawn from the milker's operations; and the milk is not "held up," as the saying is, but is yielded freely.

The milker should not set off at a distance like a coward, but his left arm should come in contact with the leg of the cow, so that she cannot kick. Before commencing to milk, the teats are to be washed with cold water in warm weather, and in warm water in the winter.

The best milker is a merciful man. The udder and teats are highly organized and very sensitive, and these facts should be taken into consideration, especially when milking a young cow, the teats are sometimes excessively tender, and the hard tugging and squeezing which many poor sensitive creatures have to endure, at the hands of some thoughtless, hard-fisted man, are really distressing to witness.

A better milker than even a merciful man is a woman. The principle part of the milking in private establishments, in foreign countries, is done by women; and in the United States there are thousands of capable women out of employment who might be advantageously employed, in private dairy establishments, as milkmaids.

An indolent person—slow coach—should never be suffered to touch a cow's teat. The process, to say the least of it, is painful, therefore, the best milker is the one who can abstract the milk in the quickest time.

Finally, milk the cow dry. The last of the milk is the most valuable, yet Mr. Horry up cannot find time to attend to this matter, consequently he loses the best of the milk, and actually ruins the cow as a milker.

[The above is from Dr. Dadd, the celebrated Veterinary Surgeon and author.]

Horse-Breaking and Horse-Sense.

A horse's sense is good common sense. Many a man does not know half so much about some things as a horse, and there is a great difference in horses. The horse is not naturally suspicious, but he is timid when young. He learns very soon what his weapons are—teeth and heels—and in what his security lies—flight. His boldness and "the glory of his nostrils" come when "he rejoiceth in his strength." With his age comes the knowledge of his powers, and if he has never been mastered—never made to yield to any will but his own—if he is to be made useful, the struggle must come sooner or later, and man's will or horse's will must triumph. We think it best to begin quite young with colts to control them. So advise to halter a colt while it runs with the mare, and to do it after feeding it with carrots and sugar, until it thinks it will get only carrots from mankind, and has no fear of any man. The colt submits easily, because it is the easiest and pleasantest thing he can do, provided he is not frightened, and would as lief be led as to run loose if the curtailment of his freedom is made up by sweets or carrots.

The sense of smell in horses is very acute, and if they are suspicious of anything they always approach it cautiously and smell of it. They should be induced in this, and harness, saddle, etc., should all be investigated by the nose as well as by the eye, before a more intimate acquaintance is forced upon the horse. A horse ring of forty to fifty feet diameter is one of the greatest aids a horse trainer can have. In this a horse too restive and spirited to take a lesson may be tired out, so as to be very docile, and a tired horse is much more susceptible to favor and instruction than one full of vim, and fire and play.

Facts in Fruit Culture.

Dr. Trimble, of Newark, New Jersey, who has paid great attention to fruit culture, gives the following as his views—the result of many years experience:

1. That the most successful way to conquer the curculio is to rather the fruit as it falls and feed it to stock or destroy it, as it is by this fallen fruit that the curculio propagates its species.

2. That the fruit of the apple tree can be protected from the apple tree moth by wrapping around each tree two or three times a rope made of straw. The moths will harbor in this rope and can then be destroyed.

3. That the only way to kill the peach tree borer is to cut him out with a knife, not once only in a season, but to follow him up every two weeks until exterminated. After the first "going over" of an orchard this will be little or no trouble, as each tree can be attended to in two minutes.

Moles.

A municipal council in the state of Zurich took it into its head to be very zealous in talpacote, when M. Weber, a naturalist, intervened and imparted to the council the results of many experiments. He carefully examined the stomachs of fifteen moles caught in different localities, and discovered no vestige of roots or plants, but abundant evidence of earth worms. He shut up several moles in a box with sods of turf, and a smaller case of grubs and earth worms. In nine days two moles ate 841 white worms, 193 earth worms, 25 caterpillars, and an entire mouse. He then placed most cut small white vegetables. The moles ate the former and left the latter; then he gave them vegetables only—in twenty-four hours they were dead of starvation.

Horses—Fast and Farm.

Commenting on the mania for fast horses, the Farmer's Adviser counsels its farming readers to turn their attention to raising those "that are of some use, large enough and strong enough to do the work of the farm, and fast enough to carry the produce to market or the family to church." This is sensible advice, and reasonable wish, since the clearing up of the country has rendered the use of oxen less common and necessary than was formerly the case. Serviceable horses should be the main consideration with farmers, unless they breed expressly for other than farm purposes. It is not expected that fast horses or fast men will become obsolete very soon, but it should be the aim of the mass of farmers to prevent the strong and useful race of horses from becoming so.

Topping Corn.

While we have no doubt that the corn is injured by this practice, we do not hesitate to recommend it. We lose something in the weight of kernel, but gain in the fodder; and materially in managing the future harvest; it is worth while, perhaps, to go a little more particularly into the matter.

The leaves of plants perform two important functions: evaporation, which principally is effected by the lower surface, and by which the water that has been absorbed by the roots and absorbent vessels is carried off in part, leaving the residue in the form of concentrated juices; and, second, respiration, by which carbonic acid is taken into the circulation of the plant and performs an important part in the conversion of the proper juices, and in preparing and maturing those elements which constitute the nutritious quality of the fruit. This process must of course cease when the parts which perform the office are destroyed. It would seem that such must be the effect produced by topping corn; and though the proper process may still go on by means of the few leaves that are left below the topping, yet it will be feeble and partial, the corn will ripen by evaporation merely; or rather, both the evaporation and the respiration will be diminished, to the consequent injury of the grain, which will have less of the nutritious property, and less weight; will be more liable to ferment, and to lose more in weight by the end of winter. By the process named, the proper secretions of the plant are in ripening rapidly converted into sugar; and so far as the topping checks the respiration, it would also diminish the saccharine quality and render the corn less agreeable to the taste, as well as less nutritious. But after having tried both ways, we incline to the opinion that the loss is less to top it, than to suffer the top to stand, and dry up and realize the inconvenience in harvesting.—New England Farmer.

RECIPE.

GREEN TOMATOES (very fine).—Take them while quite small and green, and put them into cold clarified syrup, with an orange cut in slices to every two pounds of tomatoes. (In making the syrup, take the weight of the fruit in sugar.) Simmer them gently over a slow fire for two or three hours. Grate the rinds and add the juice of two fresh lemons to every three pounds of preserves, and put in some bruised ginger in bags. If you wish the preserves to be very superior, take the tomatoes from the syrup when they have been over the fire for three-quarters of an hour, and add a quarter of a pound more of sugar for every pound of fruit, and when boiled and skimmed, drop in the tomatoes and boil till the syrup seems to have penetrated them. In about a week, heat the syrup boiling hot, and pour over them, and seal up immediately. They resemble limes, thus prepared.

WATER-MELON RINGS.—Cut in strips and shapes, and remove the green skin, and boil in water till tender, with a teaspoonful of soda and a dozen peach-leaves to every two quarts of water. Then take out the rings and soak them in alum water an hour, and afterwards boil gently in strong ginger tea for an hour. Make a syrup of equal weights of the sugar and rinds, and a little water, clarify it, and boil and skim it. Then put in the rinds with some ginger-root tied in a muslin bag, and when hot take them out on dishes to cool, and when cold return to the syrup and cook until soft. Pour the syrup over, and after a few days boil the syrup with the juice of a lemon, or flavor with essence of lemon, and pour over the rinds whilst it is hot. They are then ready to put into jars.

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WAY OF PRESERVING PEACHES.—Pare, halve, and weigh the peaches, put them into a preserving-kettle full of boiling water, and to every six pounds of fruit put a teaspoonful of soda. Let them boil one minute, take them off, and throw them into cold water, and remove any dark skin which may adhere to them. Make the syrup of half a pound of sugar and a gill of water to every pound of fruit. Boil and clarify it, and when well skimmed put in the fruit, and when half done take the peaches from the syrup and lay on dishes so that each piece shall be separate, and let them get entirely cold. Then return to the boiling syrup and cook until done. Boil the syrup until it is rich. This preserves will keep for twelve months.

It is best to warm the jars and put in the preserve hot, but if the jars are of glass, they will break unless heated quite hot before filling them.

POTATO ROLLS.—Mash a pint of Irish potatoes very smoothly, and put in a quarter of a pound of butter whilst they are warm, and a little salt. Add half a teaspoon of yeast, and half a teaspoon of milk, with a pint of flour. Make these ingredients into a dough, and set them to rise. In three or four hours they will be ready to make into rolls, and after being set to rise a second time, bake when light in a quick oven or stove.

ROLLS AND BREAD (SUPERIOR).—Sift three quarts of flour. Take two eggs, one teaspoonful and a half of liquid yeast, two pints of lukewarm water, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one of salt, and four handfuls of flour taken from the measured flour. Beat the eggs very light, and make these ingredients into a smooth batter. After the batter is well beaten, divide the remaining flour into two equal parts, and put one part of the flour into a tin pan or bucket, pour in the batter, and cover the batter with the remainder of the flour. Set it in a moderately warm place, and in an hour and a half, or when light, turn the whole out and work it well. It may require more flour in kneading it. Work it quickly, but not until it is cold, and set it to rise again, rubbing a little lard over the top of the dough. In three or four hours it will be ready to knead over again, and after it has risen a second time, it is ready for baking in a quick oven.

If you wish rolls, work in a spoonful of lard during the last kneading, and mould the dough into small cakes. Do not keep the dough too warm, and it will be more flaky.

If you wish a smaller loaf of bread, use only a pint and a half of water in making up the batter, but do not diminish the other ingredients. MILK BISCUITS.—Take one pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of butter, eight tablespoonfuls of yeast, and one half a pint of new milk. Melt the butter in the milk, put in the yeast and some salt, and work into the stiff paste. When light, knead it well, roll it out an inch thick, cut out with a tumbler, prick them with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. If butter is not abundant, you may take an eighth of a pound of lard, and the other butter.—Dixie Cookery.

THE HIBBLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is controlled ecclesiastically.

My 1, 2, 3, is the most extensive, most powerful, most beautiful object on earth.

My 2, 3, 4, is man's duty, whether successful or not.

My 3, 1, 1, represents a praiseworthy, though much abused individual.

My 4, 2, 3, invigorates but does not intoxicate.

My 1, 3, 4, 2, is to get more than sufficient.

My 2, 3, 1, 2, is not to be bought for money.

My 2, 3, 1, 4, contained anciently the treasures of the world.

My 4, 2, 1, 4, generally makes known the truth.

My 1, 4, 3, 4, 2, is the pet of politicians.

My 4, 3, 1, 4, 2, appreciates beauty.

My 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, is calculated to annoy.

My 3, 1, 1, 2, 1, 1, provokes oftentimes national commotions.

My 3, 4, 2, 1, 4, is to affirm.

My 2, 1, 4, 3, 4, 2, is the most attractive point in a rich man.

My 2, 1, 1, 2, 4, 1, seems indispensable to a corporation.

My 1, 2, 4, 4, 2, 2, often sustains a dying man.

My 4, 3, 1, 1, 2, 1, is part of a knight's armor.

My 4, 2, 1, 4, 3, 4, 2, is a good quality in a man leaving this world.

My 4, 2, 4, 2, 3, 4, 2, 4, 2, is agreeable to two, but always spoiled by a third party.

My whole is an article of furniture.

Narratocum, N. J. L. S. ALLEN.

Alternate Double Acrostic.

When my first 't' other day to my second 'w' was shown,

Quoth he, "You are surely a little mistake!

Yet such a mistake I can scarcely bemoan,

For a nice little princess you doubtless will make."

1. "Small by degrees and beautifully less,"

Applies describes this article of dress.

2. A heroine of Mrs. Beecher Stowe,

Who early left this vale of tears and woe.

3. A place where soldiers stop and rest awhile,

4. A lovely lake in Erin's emerald isle.

ARACHNE.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A miller has a wheel 11 feet in diameter, and is desirous of communicating motion to another wheel 8 feet in diameter, by means of a strap 60 feet long. What must be the distance between the centres of the two wheels?

Baltimore, Md. MELVILLE.

An answer is requested.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There will be a transit of Venus, December the 8th, 1874. On what day of the week will it happen?

W. H. MORROW.

An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A clock which indicates true time at the equator gains 12 seconds a day when carried northward to a certain city. Required, the latitude of the city, supposing the earth to be an oblate spheroid of revolution, whose equatorial diameter is 7,925 miles and polar diameter 7,899 miles.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

ENIGMA.—The Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. ENIGMA.—A smile.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, June 29th:—A should have \$14.23, B \$6.25, and C \$1.19.

A. Martin. A \$10.652, B \$7.064, and C \$4.283.

J. S. Phebus.

Excessive Fatigue.

A New Orleans paper has the following:—A few days ago an incident occurred in one of the cars upon the Dauphin and Rampart street line, which, in spite of the brusqueness of the reporter it called forth, was so refreshingly amusing that no one could refrain from indulging in the merriment which it occasioned. The car in question was one of the larger kind, with a flaming notice posted over the doorway containing the announcement that there was accommodation for sixteen passengers. With duplex elliptical skirts, the dresses of seven ladies spread out their ample folds in lively patterns upon either side, and, although quite a number of gentlemen entered the car below Esplanade street, not a movement was made to contract by barge, organdie, or lawn, the fourteen ladies very quietly appropriating the entire seats, while the gentlemen stood up and held on as well as circumstances would allow. Just before reaching Canal street, one of the ladies, tapping one of the gentlemen upon the arm with her ivory-handled parasol, requested him to pull the bell for the next corner. Holding on to the strap with both hands, and affecting the very quintessence of languor, the person addressed replied: "You must excuse me, madam, for I am really too excessively fatigued with standing to make the effort." There was a sudden movement on the part of one of the liveliest patterns of barge, and a tiny hand went up like lightning to the bell rope, and with a flourish and a toss of her beautiful head, and while the face of all were wreathed in inexpressible smiles, the lady stepped briskly out of the car and disappeared around the corner.

We love those who admire us more than those whom we admire.